

# The Critic

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## The Lounger

MRS. WELLS GALLUP, an American lady, has been trying to prove that Bacon himself claimed to be Shakespeare. The thing is easily proved and as easily disproved. Ciphers can be read any way you like. The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is to the London silly season what the sea-serpent is to the dog-days in America. Every time there is a lull in exciting news, some Baconian comes to the rescue with a new cipher, and hundreds of pens are raised to fight the battle anew. This time Mr. W. H. Mallock has made the fight interesting by siding with the Baconians, Mr. Sidney Lee against them. In the meantime the Chamberlain-von Buelow unpleasantness is clearing the air, and the newspapers are for the time being discussing that situation and Bacon and Shakespeare are for the moment forgotten.

Dean Stubbs of Ely, who came to this country under the guidance of Major Pond two or three years ago, has just written a book which he calls "In a Minster Garden," and in the course of his garden talk he reverts to his American trip and pays special attention to Chicago.

I thought it [he says] the most hatefully unlovely city I was ever in. There were fine buildings, of course,—warehouses for the most part, of the "skyscraping" variety,—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful,—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul.

This is not the way that Chicago looked to Mr. Frederic Harrison. That traveller and critic found much to admire in the windy city, and was greatly impressed by its opportunities for education, not only as to its schools and colleges, but its art galleries and libraries. Dean Stubbs, it would seem, was not so fortunate in his cicerone.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the author of "Seats of the Mighty," "The Right of Way," and many other books of lasting merit, is spending the winter at Aiken, S. C. Mr. Parker, who is now a member of Parliament, was born in Canada thirty-nine years ago. His father, a captain in the Royal Artillery, educated his son for the Church. Literature, however, had more attractions for the young man, and by way of a beginning he drifted into journalism as associate-editor of the Sydney *Morning Herald*. Early in life he

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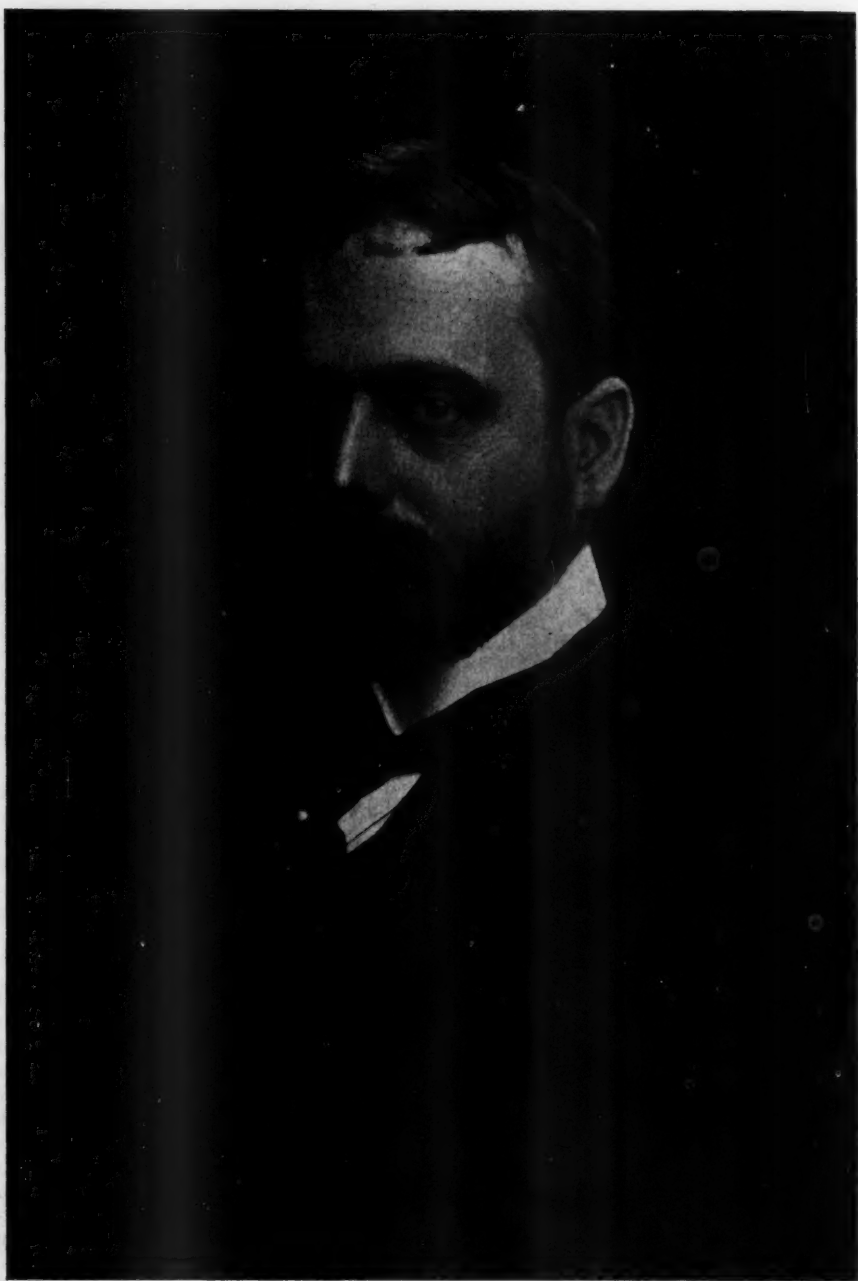


Photo for THE CARRIC by

Hollinger

MR. GILBERT PARKER



ELIZABETH, BARONESS VON HEYKING, IN HER MEXICAN GARDEN

travelled extensively in Northern Canada and voyaged much among the isles of the South Sea. Finally he dropped journalism altogether for pure literature, which, while a loss to journalism, has certainly been a gain to literature. A few years ago Mr. Parker married an American lady, a daughter of a New York merchant, the late A. A. Vantine. Then he went to London, where he has not only established himself as an author but as a man of affairs. His home is at No. 20 Carlton House Terrace, opposite the town house of Mr. W. W. Astor. His study where he writes his books and thinks out his speeches is at the top of the house and is described as "sumptuous." Books in handsome bindings abound and heavy silver implements adorn his writing table. As to the man himself the picture here given shows him as he is, calm, thoughtful, well groomed; in appearance not unlike the successful author of the day, but without a suggestion of the typical man of letters of Grub Street. Mr. Parker has never lived in that picturesque but uncomfortable locality. For

a short time he roughed it in the colonies—just long enough to give zest to the luxuries that came later.

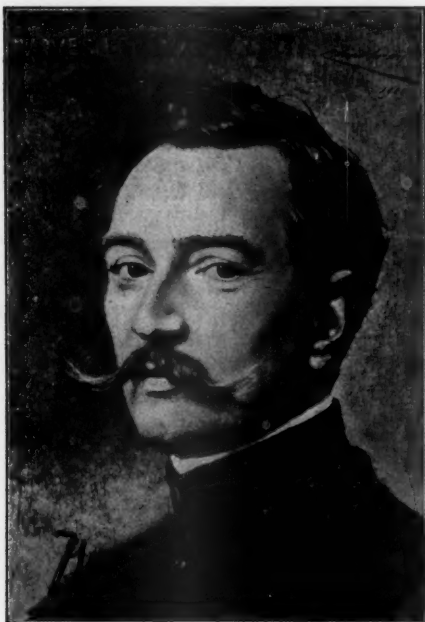


The Baroness von Heyking, who wrote the interesting review of "The Benefactress," printed on another page, is the wife of the German Minister to Mexico, and the accompanying photograph was taken in her Mexican garden. Although a German, the Baroness von Heyking writes and speaks English with perfect fluency. Curiously enough, she has spent only one month of her life among English-speaking people.



I wrote to Mrs. John van Vorst, who is in Paris, for something about Hugues Le Roux, and this is her reply:

When your letter arrived asking for a few lines from a "personal point of view" on Hugues Le Roux, this year's guest of the Harvard Cercle Français, I set to wondering what personal point of view could be of interest about a man whose career is so public. As I reflected, my eyes fell upon a piece of tapestry in the corner of my study, a fragment of some large composition all activity and



MR. HUGUES LE ROUX  
(From the Portrait by Chartran.)

confusion. The part remaining, which has been spared by ruthless scissors, represents a knight on horseback. He wears a helmet with a nodding plume, a coat of mail, and a suit of armor; he rides bold and fearless, with one hand guiding his steed into the thick of the conflict, with the other wielding his lance; the effort lifts him high in his saddle, his whole body tense under the same force and purpose that for centuries have inspired the best of men to live, suffer, fight, and die, if necessary, for a cause. Keeping the spirit of my tapestried hero, changing only his picturesque adversaries for prosaic obstacles of to-day, his plumes and cuirass for a stiff hat and well-made English coat, we have a modern knight—and such is Hugues Le Roux.

This novelist, playwright, explorer, journalist, diplomat, lecturer, and patriot, has the same indifference to leisure as the busy American man, and his working hours are spent in the midst of life, in the service of his talent, his family, and the State. A Norman by descent, the native of a seaport town, he has the inborn taste for conquest and exploration. He has visited the North Cape, Abyssinia, and all the intervening countries; he has traversed the African desert and been to the centre of Russia; but this other men have done, while

Hugues Le Roux, in a way altogether personal, has explored humanity. He has lived with princes and paupers, with Nihilists, vagabonds, scientists, and cutthroats; he has been comrade to men of every condition. The wide field of his observations, the brusque contrasts in his experiences, have given him singular opportunities to study mankind, and his vital interest, his sympathy, his universal kinship, have enabled him to understand his fellow-creature—man.

There are over twenty volumes of the impressions M. Le Roux has recorded: "Je Deviens Colon," "Les Larrons," "Enfer Parisien," "Les Saltimbanques," "Notes sur la Norvège," "Menelik," etc., and half again as many works of fiction and philosophy: "Gladys," "Les Mondains," "Nos Fils, Nos Filles," etc. It is needless to say that Hugues Le Roux pleases. With the alert and resolute manner of an American he combines the grace and suavity we are accustomed to in Frenchmen. As an orator he is gifted, and his *conferences* on the "Modern French Novel," "Abyssinia and Menelik," "French Society," "Paris Street Children," etc., are sure to meet with success at Harvard and throughout the United States, where he will lecture in eighty different cities.



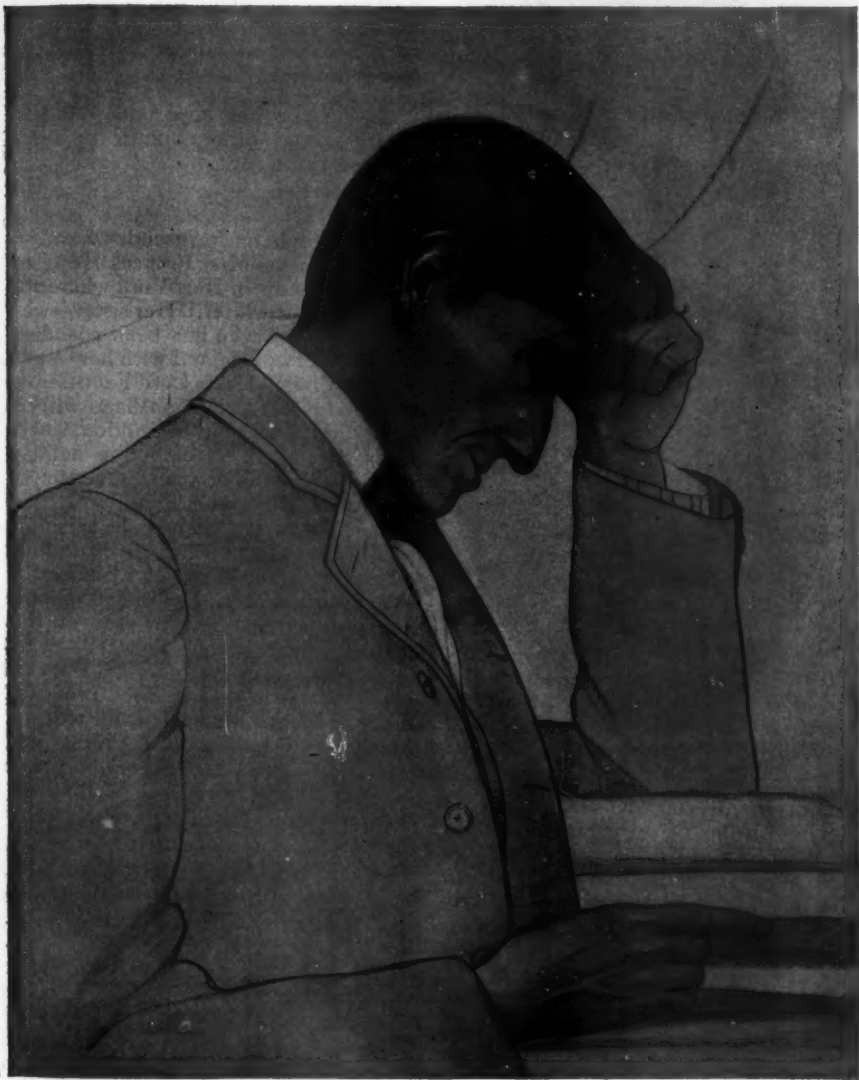
Mr. Norman Hapgood, whose admirable portrait by Mr. H. C. Andersen is herewith reproduced, is something more than a dramatic critic, though it is as a writer of dramatic criticism that he is best known in New York. Outside of this city he is best known as a writer of historical biography. His studies of Webster, Lincoln, and Washington are notable for their directness and picturesque qualities. He has written of these great men from a new point of view, and with a freshness (not in the slang sense) that holds the jaded reader. Mr. Hapgood is still a young man, having been born in Chicago as recently as 1868. He was graduated from Harvard in 1890. He joined the editorial staff of the *Evening Post* when he first came to New York, but resigned to follow the fortunes of Mr. Edward Sherwood Seymour, when the latter took over the management of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and he has been the dramatic critic of that paper for the past five years. Mr. Hapgood is an outspoken critic, and one with whom



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I do not always agree, but whose criticisms I respect even when they lightly, but with seriousness, realizing that a critic as well as a public official



MR. NORMAN HAPGOOD

(Drawn from life by Mr. Henrik Christian Andersen)

are at variance with my own opinions, for I know that they are unbiased and are the result of honest conviction. He does not take his work

holds a sacred trust. Mr. Andersen's portrait of Mr. Hapgood is thoroughly characteristic: it nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.



MRS. INA BREVOORT ROBERTS

Mrs. Ina Brevoort Roberts, author of "The Lifting of a Finger," was born in Yonkers, N. Y., twenty-seven years ago, and during the early part of her life lived in Philadelphia. She afterwards resided for a time at Elizabeth, N. J., and Roseville, N. J. At the age of nineteen she took a place in the office of a firm of lawyers, where she remained until she married, at twenty-one, Mr. J. Edwards Roberts. Mrs. Roberts says of her beginnings:

I think I was about seven when I first began. Poetry was my chosen line then. My rhymes were mostly about daisies and violets, and acrostics to the people I knew, though I remember beginning several novels in which my playmates and I figured as principal characters. After this somewhat premature burst of inspiration, I did nothing more in

the literary line until five years ago. During this interval I kept hold of a vague idea that some day I was to write. When I began my work at twenty-two I had not even studied rhetoric, and my first step was to write to a former teacher, telling her my ambition and asking what books would be most useful to me.

Mrs. Roberts has apparently studied rhetoric, and other things, to some purpose since.

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Mrs. Stephen Townsend, whom we better know as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, is now in New York where she will spend the winter. Her sister—who lives here but who has been spending the summer in England with her — and her son Vivian (Little Lord Fauntleroy) accompany her. Her husband will remain, for the present, in London, where he is playing in an elaborate holiday production of the dramatized version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It has been some twelve years since this play was first produced, but, given a child actress with the talent of Elsie Leslie, there is no reason why history should not repeat itself in the case of this play. Young Vivian Burnett—who, by the way, is a graduate of Harvard University—is said to have inherited much of his mother's talent for writing. He has not published anything yet, but he will probably take up literature as a career.

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One has only to study the fire-etchings of such an artist as Mrs. Mollie Burchard Curtis to realize the possibilities of a much misunderstood medium. At a recent exhibition of Mrs. Curtis's work in The Colonia were shown a number of compositions all treated in a delicate yet decorative spirit. Mrs. Curtis's work is much less heavy in effect than that of her predecessors in the field. She even attains certain pictorial qualities which are both novel and refreshing. The majority of Mrs. Curtis's etchings are of course after original motives, though one adopted from a painting by Maxfield Parrish is doubly interesting.

In answer to certain inquiries, Halliwell Sutcliffe, the author of "Mistress Barbara," writes:

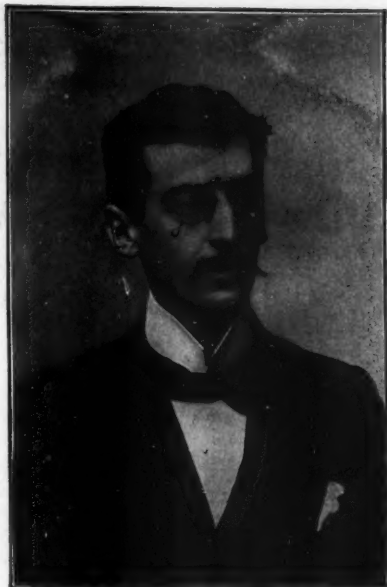
As to personal details I am afraid there are very few to give you. I can walk forty-five miles in a day, though I do not do it often. I am fonder of walking than of any other exercise, and I have learned pretty intimately the look of the country-side under snow, rain, and sunshine, at dawn, twilight, and midday. For the rest, I was at King's College, Cambridge, from 1889 to 1893, and took an honor's degree in mathematics. After that I lived in London for a while and did my first literary work there, then I came to live in Yorkshire, here close to my birthplace, Haworth, and have worked like a nigger. I never did anything in the least heroic, except to embark in literature as a career, and I have certainly never repented of that one little bit of heroism. It may be of interest to you to know that my forebears are all from the rough moor country about Haworth, and that I have listened in my childhood to the old wild tales of the country-side so often that they seem part of me. Amongst these tales are many, of course, connected with the Brontës, and I still have friends who remember even little details of appearances of the family.



Readers of THE CRITIC are familiar with the features of Mr. William Dean Howells but few of them have had the pleasure of seeing a portrait of his daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, which



MISS MILDRED HOWELLS



MR. HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

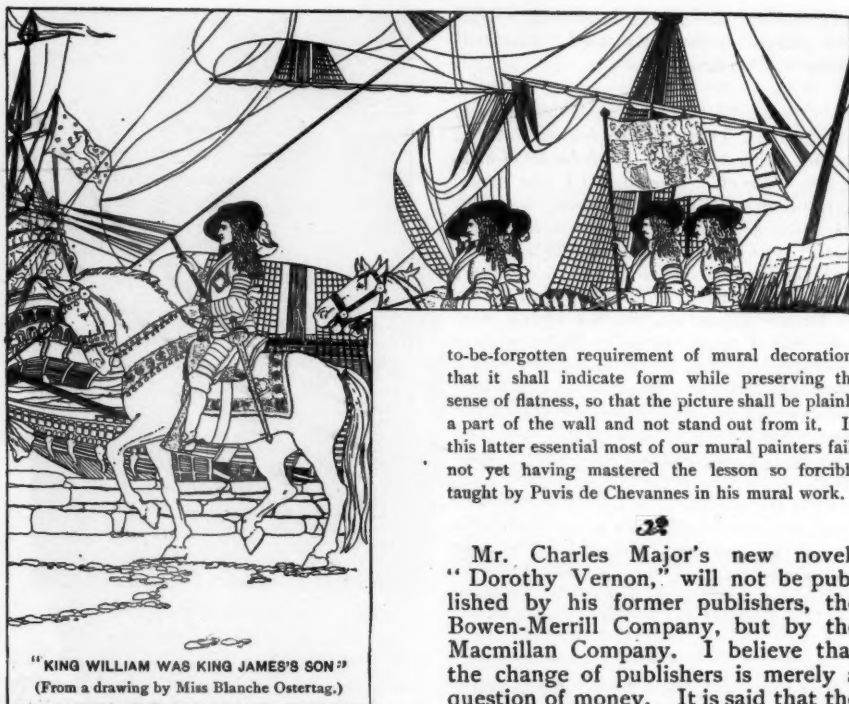
I present herewith. Miss Howells had the pleasure of seeing her name in print on the title-page of a book called "A Little Girl among the Old Masters" several years ago. The book was introduced by her father, who wrote down the little girl's impressions of the famous painters of the Old World and she illustrated these impressions with her pencils. Since those days Miss Howells has been a devoted student of art. A practical result of her studies is a series of illustrations for a whist calendar published by Messrs. Noyes & Platt Co.



Mr. Charles Henry Hart writes that

Mr. Reid's decoration for the Senators' staircase hall, in the new State House, in Boston, is destined, to mark an epoch in the art of America.

The theme is "James Otis Making his Famous Argument against the Writs of Assistance, in the old Town House, Boston," which has been used as an inspiration, so that Mr. Reid has painted a decoration to commemorate an historical event, not a picture of the event, and it is painted with a lightness of touch suited to its character. It is most interesting to note how he has



kept the decorative sense in view, making the episode subservient to the higher object. This accomplishment results from his sentiment for art being eminently decorative, and as the true painter's touch idealizes, pictorially, whatever it touches, he has raised out of the realm of mere illustration the subject selected for his painting. This picture may be called a symphony in reds, yet while the color scheme is exuberant and radiant, it is treated with such nicety and skill that it is not effusive. The chamber is bright with fire-flame, but through the window panes, against which the snow has drifted, comes the blue light of the midwinter day, so that while resplendent with reds the atmosphere is kept cool and restful by the light key of the wall and its differentiated blue shadows. The reds, too, are brought completely under subjection, by the pure vermilion seal to the charter, on the table, in the centre. It is a very clever bit of color work, but it is also more. The figures are well drawn and firmly modelled, and the faces of the judges and audience show the importance of the subject under discussion. No portraiture has been attempted, as it would have derogated from the decorative quality of the work, but the heads are exceedingly fine in character, that of the Chief-Justice being particularly strong. Technically the painting possesses a never-

to-be-forgotten requirement of mural decoration, that it shall indicate form while preserving the sense of flatness, so that the picture shall be plainly a part of the wall and not stand out from it. In this latter essential most of our mural painters fail, not yet having mastered the lesson so forcibly taught by Puvis de Chevannes in his mural work.

Mr. Charles Major's new novel, "Dorothy Vernon," will not be published by his former publishers, the Bowen-Merrill Company, but by the Macmillan Company. I believe that the change of publishers is merely a question of money. It is said that the Indianapolis firm will not pay an author more than ten per cent., no matter who he may be. They argue that there is no money for the publisher at a higher percentage. They may be right, but much higher percentages are paid. There is hardly a publishing house in America that does not pay more than ten per cent. Those that begin at ten soon rise to twelve, fifteen, and twenty, and in some exceptional cases to twenty-five per cent. It seems to me that a sliding scale of royalty is only fair. If Mr. Major's first book had been published on this sliding scale he might have made more money. Though this may be doubtful, for the publishers would not have had so wide a margin for advertising expenses, and advertising is an important factor in the sale of books.

"Frocks and Frills" is a good name for the play now running at Daly's Theatre. Its success is due more to the dressmaker's than the playwright's

skill. The plot and the acting are secondary considerations. There is one exceptionally clever bit of acting in the play, however, and that is done by Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, who, as the stuttering baronet, has caught the town. The play has made a great hit, thanks to Mr. Finney and to Mrs. Robert Osborn, who created the title rôle.

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English paragraphers are constantly writing about the absurdity of American names. We do have odd ones, I grant, but none odder than are to be found in this paragraph clipped from a London paper:

The convict, Arthur Yaxley, whose daring escape from Dartmoor on Friday last has been already recorded, was on Saturday evening recaptured by a farmer named Yeo at Boggator, near Pater-Tavy, eight miles from Tavistock. He was handed over to the prison authorities yesterday.

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Miss Blanche Ostertag is a young Chicago artist whose work has attracted much favorable attention. Miss Ostertag is a St. Louis girl by birth, though a resident of Chicago. She is of half French parentage, with all the grace, taste, and quick intelligence of that nation. She has served her brief apprenticeship in Paris, has exhibited at both Salons, where she must have been the youngest contributor, and also showed pictures at several American exhibitions before she found her true vein of decorative work. Since then she has signed some charming covers, calendars, and posters, which are in demand among collectors of these artistic trifles even in Europe. She has also designed some elaborate chimney-pieces to be carried out in glass and gold mosaic. Her latest work and first essay in book illustration is "Old Songs for Young America," done in collaboration with the musician, Clarence Forsythe. Her droll and dainty decorations in delicate colors are quite frankly inspired by Boutet de Monvel's treatment of the nursery songs of France. Indeed that artist laureate of childhood, when visiting Chicago, gave her much com-

mendation and helpful criticism of the first few drawings. Where he dealt with Brittany peasants and scarlet-breeched peon-peons, she must needs show Mary and her lamb going to the little red schoolhouse, the barn dance of "Weevily Wheat," "Ole Dan Tucker" combing his hair with a wagon wheel, or John Brown's "Ten Little Injuns" stamping through their clumsy aboriginal dance. Such things prevent even the possibility of any exact imitation.

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One of the first publications of the new year, to be issued early in January, is "The Cloistering of Ursula," a new romance by Clinton Scollard, the well-known poet and novelist. Like his first success, "A Man at Arms," the scene of the new novel is mediæval Italy. Mr. Scollard has made this field almost entirely his own, Marion Crawford perhaps being his only competitor. "The Cloistering of Ursula" deals with a gentle maiden and most strenuous times.



MISS BLANCHE OSTERTAG





Photo by

MRS. ERNEST RHYS

Russell &amp; Sons, London

Mrs. Ernest Rhys, who has been introduced to the American public through Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. by her novel "The Wooing of Sheila," was born in County Roscommon, Ireland. In 1890 she married Mr. Ernest Rhys. They settled first in Wales, and later in Hampstead, a quarter of London largely given over to writers and artists. Her first novel, "Mary Dominic," was published in 1898, her new story two years later.

At an informal dinner in honor of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, given recently by a hundred or so of his friends,

at the National Arts Club, in this city, the sculptor, acknowledging the compliments of a number of well-known speakers, took occasion to express his views on the relative value of art-study at home and abroad. The "total paralysis of thought, speech, and action" which possesses him on such occasions, led Mr. St. Gaudens to read what he wished to say, instead of trusting to memory or the inspiration of the moment. As to the dinner itself and the post-prandial remarks, he said:

I am unworthy of it all, and I will not take it for more than a tribute to earnestness of purpose, rather than to achievement, though, as far as that is concerned, I feel that we all of us here are in the same boat. We hold true to the good old French maxim, to which Matthew Arnold drew our attention before leaving

this country—" *Le cœur au métier.*"



Coming to the main point of his brief address, he said:

It may interest you to know that this absence in Paris, although delightful, has taught me to appreciate all the more the living character of our own country, to say nothing of the deep sympathy of my comrades and friends. The impression of strength, directness, and lucidity that was made on me by the exhibitions, as well as in every other direction, when I first returned, was very great. It showed at a glance what I had been suspecting for some time, that our advance had been so rapid within the last ten or fifteen years, that, at least in so far as the solid foundation of early training in art was con-

cerned, it was unnecessary for our young people to go abroad for study. For that matter, a healthier and fresher beginning could be made here, so that when the time did come to go to the Old World, it could be done with more safety, and with a broader understanding of the richness that is there. In saying this I must not be understood as lacking in the slightest measure that gratitude which so many of us owe to the generous and conscientious training we have received in the schools of Europe, particularly those of France. Those of us who have been so benefited cannot fail to be deeply thankful.



It has been a long time since I have seen a portrait of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. The one here given is her latest. This charming writer is now in her seventy-eighth year, but her pen is as vigorous as in the days when she made her first success as the author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood." Mrs. Whitney is the author of twenty-six books, each one of which has delighted a large audience. Considering her popularity, this is a very modest output.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell undoubtedly holds a unique position on the Anglo-American stage. During her short career as an actress she has unquestionably placed herself in the front rank,



MRS. WHITNEY



Photo by

Sands & Brady

MR. ROBERT EDESON

(Who will shortly "star" in a dramatization by Mr. Augustus Thomas of R. H. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune")

and her recent tenure of the Royalty Theatre has proved that as a manager she has few peers. Like many women of her station who have later achieved success on the stage, Mrs. Campbell won her first applause as an amateur. Something over a dozen years ago she gained her initial experience with a West Norwood dramatic society known as "The Anomalies." Since those placid days Mrs. Campbell has enjoyed a career as varied, as picturesque, and finally as successful as anyone might fancy. The West Norwood dramatic society's star has meanwhile become one of the most absorbing figures on the London stage, and is now engaged in creating an international reputation.



Mrs. Campbell's professional experiences in London date from the early nineties, when she appeared at the Vaudeville in Mr. Louis N. Parker's "A Buried Talent." Her reception was so favorable that, in June, 1891, she took the Shaftesbury Theatre in

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order to essay Rosalind. In August of the same year she joined the Adelphi forces, where she remained until that memorable first night of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James in May, 1893. Although her previous

great personal distinction. Since "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Mrs. Campbell has steadily strengthened her hold on the London public, her main successes having been in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," in "Fe-



Photo by

London Stereoscopic Co'y.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL  
In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"

work had aroused interest, her performance of Paula Tanqueray stamped her as an actress of exceptional endowment. Her technique was still hesitant, but it was easy to see that the woman possessed temperament, force, and

dora," and when associated with Mr. Forbes Robertson in Shakespearian productions. It was not, however, until she leased the Royalty that Mrs. Campbell scored her chief personal and artistic triumphs.

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Instead of following the beaten track, she struck out for herself with courage and with judgment. She declined to call on Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Grundy, but went

Ævne." It was something of a triumph for Mrs. Campbell to have won Londoners over to such plays, even though one critic did distort "Beyond Human Power" into "Beyond Human



Photo by

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL  
In Echegaray's "Mariana"

Elliott & Fry, London.

straight to more original sources. She revived Sudermann's "Magda," and boldly produced not only Echegaray's "Mariana," Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande," and Rostand's "Fantasticks," but even Björnson's "Over

Endurance." She is a woman of distinguished and poetical presence, who emphasizes her art by her beauty and her grace rather than depending upon them for her effects. She has divined the secret of making each word or



Photo by

Smith, Boston.

THE LATE WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

action pulsate with meaning, while yet understanding the power of emotional reticence. Her acting in the series of plays now being presented at the Theatre Republic seems to be the direct outcome of those qualities which best characterize her personality.



It is interesting to note that Mrs. Anna Katharine Green's first book, "The Leavenworth Case," published twenty-five years ago, is still in lively demand. This can be said of but few authors whose works have not been classed as classics. "The Leavenworth Case" was one of the record breakers of its day. Its early sales reached to the number of two hundred thousand copies. Since 1878, Mrs. Rohlf's has published but eighteen novels. This is less than one a year. She has published a few stories and poems, but in

the matter of full-fledged novels she has shown much more restraint than most authors of her popularity. Mrs. Rohlf's books have been almost as successful in England as in America, but as many of them were published before there was any international copyright, she has not benefited very greatly by this transatlantic popularity. Her latest novel, "One of My Sons," shows no falling off in her inventive genius. The main idea is as cleverly worked out as anything I can remember in recent fiction.

"The Leavenworth Case" was among the first American novels to be dramatized, and in Gryce, the detective, who began his career in that story, Mrs. Rohlf's has added a notable character to contemporary fiction.



Mr. Charles Marriott, the author of "The Column," has about finished a new novel, and it is said that he has given up his regular business for literature. "The Column" was published about a year ago and was widely advertised before its appearance. Mr. Sidney Colvin read it before it was published and wrote a long and complimentary letter about it, extracts from which were freely circulated. Mr. Colvin compared Mr. Marriott to George Meredith, but he did not put him on the same plane with that writer. He seemed to think that he was rather an echo of Mr. Meredith, but a pretty substantial echo. Mr. Lane pinned his faith on "The Column," believing that it would have a large sale. It did have a large sale, probably greater than any but one or two of Meredith's novels. But it was not large compared with the sales of such flimsy stuff as "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Aristocrats."





# GALLUPING VERSES.

## I.

Ah me! what a tragic imbroglio,  
Produced by a famous first folio.  
Americans swear  
That a cipher lies there  
To knock England's Bard rowley-  
powley O.

## II.

Uprises a Buddhist named Sin-  
nett,  
To hail the Swan's death-warrant  
in it;  
And an ex Oxford wit,  
Named Mallock, is hit;  
And perverts arrive every minute.

## III.

"Behold," they exclaim, "*our god,*  
*Bacon.*  
*Great heavens! the labors he'd*  
*take on:*  
*He spent all his days*  
*Writing other men's plays,*  
*Full Gallup, with never a break on!*

## IV.

"*And there ne'er was a river called*  
*Avon,*  
*And he who says Stratford is ravin',*  
*While to mention that dunce,*  
*William Shakespeare, 's at once*  
*To be fitted for Hanwell's sweet*  
*haven."*

## V.

Yet Mr. Biographer Lee  
Is certain as certain can be,  
No mystery lurks  
In Shakespearian works:  
"A cipher? All moonshine!" says  
he.

## VI.

And we,  
We're quite in accordance with  
Lee.

# The Late William Ellery Channing

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

"If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea."

THE death of William Ellery Channing\* at Concord, just before the Christmas holidays, chronicled the passing away of a strange personality, a neglected genius, and the last representative of that group of Concord poets and philosophers whose names will ever recall the nascence and the prestige of earlier American literature. Channing was the guide of Emerson in his woodland walks; he was the companion of Hawthorne on his river-excursions; he was a participant in Alcott's transcendental "Conversations," and, especially, he was the constant comrade of Thoreau in his nature-researches, both in the haunts contiguous to Concord and in the more distant mountain-encampments.

Surviving all these friends, Channing's later years have been passed in mystic seclusion at the home of his friend, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, whose name suggests a link between the past and present in literature, to whose pen, also, we owe many photographic studies of these Concord authors. Born in Boston in 1818, nephew and namesake of the man whose mental prowess and spiritual liberality have left most potent impress on our religious history, Channing had a noble and poetic inheritance. After graduation from Harvard in 1834, he passed a few years in vacillating experiences, including log-cabin life in Illinois, and finally came to Concord about 1843. Here he brought his bride, Ellen Fuller, whose mental gifts were less exploited, but no less strong, than those of her famous sister, Margaret. After a brief residence near the Emerson home, and a season of isolation on the adjacent hill-top of Pontawtasset, Channing moved to a house in the centre of Concord, opposite the Thoreau home on Main Street. Here was spent nearly all of his mature life, with the excep-

tion of brief editorial experiences, in New York, on Greeley's *Tribune*, and in New Bedford, on *The Mercury*. He also passed one year in European travel.

During these later years of semi-invalidism at the home of Mr. Sanborn, he has been a literal recluse, seeing only occasional visitors, and taking no part in the literary or social life of the day. He retained, however, a very few associations with the past and spent this last Thanksgiving Day, as has been his wont since 1843, with the Emerson household. The hazy, mystic atmosphere which environed his earlier life and poetry seemed to have become a dense vapor, shutting him out, like a disembodied spirit, from the intense, vital interests of current affairs. To a far greater degree than his philosopher-friends, Channing became absorbed in the supra-mundane aspects, so that he was often utterly unconscious of his tangible surroundings. By his own confession, attested by his friends, he was a man of peculiar, fluctuating moods and an utter lack of ability to cope, in practical ways, with "this sour world."

Thoreau, whose sagacity was as marked as his poetic nature, was ever a loyal friend to Channing, and the latter, in his biography of this "Poet-Naturalist," has given a series of detached, discursive, yet unequalled, revelations of the heart and soul of his friend. In "Walden," again, Thoreau makes direct reference to Channing's visits to his hut, when they "made that small house ring with boisterous mirth," or evolved "many a 'brand new' theory of life over a thin dish of gruel, which combined the advantages of conviviality with the clear-headedness which philosophy requires." Thoreau was fitted to educe the witty, companionable qualities of this man of genius and nature-devotion, though he was fully conversant with the moodiness and providence which often caused despair in the heart and home

\* See portrait, *The Lounger*.

of Channing. When an opportunity came for editorship in New Bedford, Thoreau wrote to his friend, Mr. Ricketson, as recorded in the "Familiar Letters," "You will see in him [Channing] still more of the same kind to attract and puzzle you. How to serve him most effectually has long been a problem with his friends." He adds that the best possible service is "to buy and read his poems," since through these alone he has reached forth "his hand to the world."

Despite the strong, predictive admiration of his Concord companions, these poems have never attained even a modicum of general attention. Emerson sent some of them to Carlyle, who found them "worthy indeed of reading." Like the verse of Emerson and Thoreau, though in accentuated degrees, these varied poems are philosophic in motif, often grand and original in concept, but uneven and rugged in metre, with a "wilful neglect of rhythm," as lamented by Emerson, in his preface to the volume, "The Wanderer." Channing's earlier work in verse, as well as his romantic, psychological letter-essays, "The Youth of the Painter," appeared in *The Dial*, and were first collected and issued in 1843. In Thoreau's first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac," is mention of the fervor and promise of that poet

whose fine ray

Doth faintly shine on Concord's twilight day,  
Like those first stars, whose silver beams on high,  
Shining more brightly as the day goes by,  
Most travellers cannot at first descry,  
But eyes that wont to range the evening sky.

Similar in thought was Emerson's dictum on "The Wanderer": "This book requires a good reader, a lover and inquirer of nature, and such a one will find himself rewarded." The earlier volumes of Channing's verse, "The Wanderer" and "The Woodman," contain many pictorial and subjective nature-thoughts, passages majestic in deep reflection, often sug-

gestive of his great teacher-poet, Cowper. These poems are also reminiscent memorials of Thoreau, his comrade in mountain-scaling and camp-fire rest, and their frank debates.

In the poem, "The Cape," commemorative of that excursion which has more lasting record in Thoreau's "Cape Cod," are certain lines of gracious beauty of picture and reflection.

To all the Concord group, the Anti-Slavery conflict brought an exceptional passion and zeal in affairs of the day. Thoreau and Channing were deeply stirred by the poetic and tragic incidents of John Brown's career, and regarded him as a hero and a prophet. The intense sentiment aroused in Channing bore fruit in a dramatic poem, "John Brown," written coeval with the events, but published in a tiny volume in 1886. Many passages in this poem, as in his other work, indicate the close bond which cemented his nature-devotion and his poetry. To his imagination, the distant mountains and vales mingle their protests and tears at the cruel injustice inflicted upon his hero.

With the passing of Ellery Channing, has fallen, indeed, "the last leaf upon the tree" of early New England culture and philosophic poetry. An extreme product of the Transcendentalism and radical intellectualism of the mid-century, he possessed a temperament that failed to coalesce with the elements of society and democracy, while the persistent subjectivity and crudeness of his form have combined to preclude any wide knowledge of a poetic genius whose depth and elevation of thought deserve more earnest, sympathetic reading. On the hillside at Sleepy Hollow, he rests beside those friends who recognized his genius and valued his friendship. As the later generations of readers have given tardy, yet true, honor to Emerson and Thoreau, Hawthorne and Alcott, so, in the future, there may come to this neglected poet-philosopher an appreciation of his merited share in the literary influences of earlier New England.



# Interferences with the Reading Habit

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

## I

### CIVILIZATION

"I SEE the ships," said The Eavesdropper, as he stole round the world to me, "on a dozen sides of the world. I hear them fighting with the sea."

"And what do you see on the ships?" I said.

"Figures of men and women—thousands of figures of men and women."

"And what are they doing?"

"They are walking fiercely," he said,—"some of them,—walking fiercely up and down the decks before the sea."

"Why?" said I.

"Because they cannot stand still and look at it. Others are reading in chairs because they cannot sit still and look at it."

"And there are some," said The Eavesdropper, "with roofs of boards above their heads (to protect them from Wonder)—down in the hold—playing cards."

There was silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What are you seeing now?" I said.

"Trains," he said—"a globe full of trains. They are on a dozen sides of it. They are clinging to the crusts of it—mountains—rivers—prairies—some in the light and some in the dark—creeping through space."

"And what do you see in the trains?"

"Miles of faces."

"And the faces?"

"They are pushing on the trains."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What are you seeing now?" I said.

"Cities," he said—"streets of cities—miles of streets of cities."

"And what do you see in the streets of cities?"

"Men, women, and smoke."

"And what are the men and women doing?"

"Hurrying," said he.

"Where?" said I.

"God knows."

## II

The population of the civilized world to-day may be divided into two classes,—millionaires and those who would like to be millionaires. The rest are artists, poets, tramps, and babies—and do not count. Poets and artists do not count until after they are dead. Tramps are put in prison. Babies are expected to get over it. A few more summers, a few more winters—with short skirts or with down on their chins—they shall be seen burrowing with the rest of us.

One almost wonders sometimes, why it is that the sun keeps on year after year and day after day turning the globe around and around, heating it and lighting it, and keeping things growing on it, when after all, when all is said and done (crowded with wonder and with things to live with, as it is), it is a comparatively empty globe. No one seems to be using it very much, or paying very much attention to it, or getting very much out of it. There are never more than a very few men on it at a time, who can be said to be really living on it. They are engaged in getting a living and in hoping that they are going to live sometime. They are also going to read sometime.

When one thinks of the wasted sunrises and sunsets—the great free show of heaven—the door open every night—of the little groups of people straggling into it—of the swarms of people hurrying back and forth before it, jostling their getting-a-living lives up and down before it, not knowing it is there,—one wonders why it is there. Why does it not fall upon us, or its lights go suddenly out upon us? We stand in the days and the nights like stalls—suns flying over our heads,

stars singing through space beneath our feet. But we do not see. Every man's head in a pocket,—boring for his living in a pocket—or being bored for his living in a pocket,—why should he see? True we are not without a philosophy for this—to look over the edge of our stalls with. "Getting a living is living," we say. We whisper it to ourselves—in our pockets. Then we try to get it. When we get it, we try to believe it—and when we get it we do not believe anything. Let every man under the walled-in heaven, the iron heaven, speak for his own soul. No one else shall speak for him. We only know what we know—each of us in our own pockets. The great books tell us it has not always been an iron heaven or a walled-in heaven. But into the faces of the flocks of the children that come to us, year after year, we look, wondering. They shall not do anything but burrowing—most of them. Our very ideals are burrowings. So are our books. Religion burrows. It barely so much as looks at heaven. Why should a civilized man—a man who has a pocket in civilization—a man who can burrow—look at heaven? It is the glimmering boundary line where burrowing leaves off. Time enough. In the meantime the shovel. Let the stars wheel. Do men look at stars with shovels?

The faults of our prevailing habits of reading are the faults of our lives. Any criticism of our habit of reading books to-day, which actually or even apparently confines itself to the point, is unsatisfactory. A criticism of the reading habit of a nation is a criticism of its civilization. To sketch a scheme of defense for the modern human brain, from the kindergarten stage to commencement day, is merely a way of bringing the subject of education up, and dropping it where it begins.

Even if the youth of the period, as a live, human, reading being (on the principles to be laid down in the following pages), is so fortunate as to succeed in escaping the dangers and temptations of the home—even if he contrives to run the gauntlet of the

grammar school and the academy—even if, in the last, longest, and hardest pull of all, he succeeds in keeping a spontaneous habit with books in spite of a college course, the story is not over. Civilization waits for him—all-enfolding, all-instructing civilization, and he stands face to face—book in hand—with his last chance.

### III

Whatever else may be said of our present civilization, one must needs go very far in it to see Abraham at his tent's door, waiting for angels. And yet, from the point of view of reading and from the point of view of the books that the world has always called worth reading, if ever there was a type of a gentleman and scholar in history, and a Christian, and a man of possibilities, founder and ruler of civilizations, it is this same man Abraham at his tent's door waiting for angels. Have we any like him now? Peradventure there shall be twenty? Peradventure there shall be ten? Where is the man who feels that he is free to-day to sit upon his steps and have a quiet think, unless there floats across the spirit of his dream the sweet and reassuring sound of someone making a tremendous din around the next corner—a band, or a new literary journal, or a historical novel, or a special correspondent, or a new club or church or something? Until he feels that the world is being conducted for him, that things are tolerably not at rest, where shall one find in civilization, in this present moment, a man who is ready to stop and look about him—to take a spell at last at being a reasonable, contemplative, or even marriageable being?

The essential unmarriedness of the modern man and the unreadableness of his books are two facts that work very well together.

When Emerson asked Bronson Alcott "What have you done in the world, what have you written?" the answer of Alcott, "If Pythagoras came to Concord whom would he ask to see?" was a diagnosis of the whole nineteenth century. It was a very



short sentence, but it was a sentence to found a college with, to build libraries out of, to make a whole modern world read, to fill the weary and heedless heart of it—for a thousand years.

We have plenty of provision made for books in civilization, but if civilization should ever have another man in the course of time who really knows how to read a book, it would not know what to do with him. No provision is made for such a man. We have nothing but libraries—monstrous libraries to lose him in. The books take up nearly all the room in civilization, and civilization takes up the rest. The man is not allowed to peep in civilization. He is too busy in being ordered around by it to even know that he would like to. It does not occur to him that he ought to be allowed time in it to know who he is, before he dies. The typical civilized man is an exhausted, spiritually hysterical man because he has no idea of what it means, or can be made to mean to a man, to face calmly with his whole life a great book, a few minutes every day, to rest back on his ideals in it, to keep office hours with his own soul.

The practical value of a book is the inherent energy and quietness of the ideals in it—the immemorial way ideals have—have always had—of working themselves out in a man, of doing the work of the man and of doing their own work at the same time.

Inasmuch as ideals are what all real books are written with and read with, and inasmuch as ideals are the only known way a human being has of resting, in this present world, it would be hard to think of any book that would be more to the point in this modern civilization than a book that shall tell men how to read to live,—how to touch their ideals swiftly every day. Any book that should do this for us would touch life at more points and flow out on men's minds in more directions than any other that could be conceived. It would contribute as the June day, or as the night for sleep, to all men's lives, to all of the problems of all of the world at once. It would be a night latch—to the ideal.

Whatever the remedy may be said to be, one thing is certainly true with regard to our reading habits in modern times. Men who are habitually shame-faced or absent-minded before the ideal—that is, before the actual nature of things—cannot expect to be real readers of books. They can only be what most men are nowadays, merely busy and effeminate, hysterical, running-and-reading sort of men—rushing about propping up the universe. Men who cannot trust the ideal—the nature of things,—and who think they can do better, are naturally kept very busy, and as they take no time to rest back on their ideals they are naturally very tired. The result stares at us on every hand. Whether in religion, art, education, or public affairs, we do not stop to find our ideals for the problems that confront us. We do not even look at them. Our modern problems are all Jerichos to us—most of them paper ones. We arrange symposiums and processions around them and shout at them and march up and down before them. Modern prophecy is the blare of the trumpet. Modern thought is a crowd hurrying to and fro. Civilization is the dust we scuffle in each other's eyes.

When the peace and strength of spirit with which the walls of temples are builded no longer dwell in them, the stones crumble. Temples are built of con-gathered, and con-rested stones. Infinite nights and days are wrought in them, and leisure and splendor wait upon them, and visits of suns and stars, and when leisure and splendor are no more in human beings' lives, and visits of suns and stars are as though they were not—in our civilization, the walls of it shall crumble upon us. If fulness and leisure and power of living are no more with us, nothing shall save us. Walls of encyclopædias—not even walls of Bibles shall save us, nor miles of Carnegie-library. Empty and hasty and cowardly living does not get itself protected from the laws of nature by tons of paper and ink. The only way out for civilization is through the practical men in it—men who grapple daily with ideals, who keep office hours

with their souls, who keep hold of life with books, who take enough time out of hurrahing civilization along—to live.

Civilization has been long in building and its splendor still hangs over us, but Parthenons do not stand when Parthenons are no longer being lived in Greek men's souls. Only those who have Coliseums in them can keep Coliseums around them. The Ideal has its own way. It has it with the very stones. It was an Ideal, a vanished Ideal, that made a moonlight scene for tourists out of the Coliseum—out of the Dead Soul of Rome.

#### IV

There seem to be but two fundamental characteristic sensibilities left alive in the typical, callously-civilized man. One of these sensibilities is the sense of motion and the other is the sense of mass. If he cannot be appealed to through one of these senses, it is of little use to try to appeal to him. In proportion as he is civilized, the civilized man can be depended on for two things. He can always be touched by a hurry of any kind, and he never fails to be moved by a crowd. If he can have hurry and crowd together, he is capable of almost anything. These two sensibilities, the sense of motion and the sense of mass, are all that is left of the original, lusty, tasting and seeing and feeling human being who took possession of the earth. And even in the case of comparatively rudimentary and somewhat stupid senses like these, the sense of motion, with the average civilized man, is so blunt that he needs to be rushed along at seventy miles an hour to have the feeling that he is moving, and his sense of mass is so degenerate that he needs to live with hundreds of thousands of people next door to know that he is not alone. He is seen in his most natural state,—this civilized being,—with most of his civilization around him, in the seat of an elevated railway train, with a crowded newspaper before his eyes, and another crowded newspaper in his lap, and crowds of people reading crowded newspapers standing round him in the aisles; but he can

never be said to be seen at his best, in a spectacle like this, until the spectacle moves, until it is felt rushing over the sky of the street, puffing through space; in which delectable pell-mell and carnival of hurry—hiss in front of it, shriek under it, and dust behind it—he finds, to all appearances at least, the meaning of this present world and the hope of the next. Hurry and crowd have kissed each other and his soul rests. "If Abraham sitting in his tent door waiting for angels had been visited by a spectacle like this and invited to live in it all his days, would he not have climbed into it cheerfully enough?" asks the modern man. Living in a tent would have been out of the question, and waiting for angels—waiting for anything, in fact—forever impossible.

Whatever else may be said of Abraham, his waiting for angels was the making of him, and the making of all that is good in what has followed since. The man who hangs on a strap—up in the morning and down at night, hurrying between the crowd he sleeps with and the crowd he works with, to the crowd that hurries no more,—even this man, such as he is, with all his civilization roaring about him, would have been impossible if Abraham in the stately and quiet days had not waited at his tent-door for angels to begin a civilization with, or if he had been the kind of Abraham that expected that angels would come hurrying and scurrying after one in a spectacle like this. "What has a man," says Blank in his "Angels of the Nineteenth Century,"—"What has a man who consents to be a knee-bumping, elbowing-jamming, foothold-struggling strap-hanger—an abject commuter all his days (for no better reason than that he is not well enough to keep still and that there is not enough of him to be alone)—to do with angels—or to do with anything, except to get done with it as fast as he can?" So say we all of us, hanging on straps to say it, swaying and swinging to oblivion. "Is there no power," says Blank, "in heaven above or earth beneath that will help us to stop?"

If a civilization is founded on two senses—the sense of motion and the sense of mass,—one need not go far to find the essential traits of its literature and its daily reading habit. There are two things that such a civilization makes sure of in all concerns—hurry and crowd. Hence the spectacle before us—the literary rush and mobs of books.

## V

The present writer, being occasionally addicted (like the reader of these articles) to a seemly desire to have the opinions of someone besides the author represented, has fallen into the way of having interviews held with himself from time to time, which are afterwards published at his own request. These interviews appear in the public prints as being between a Mysterious Person and The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts. The author can only earnestly hope that in thus generously providing for an opposing point of view, in taking, as it were, the words of the enemy upon his lips, he will lose the sympathy of the reader.

The Mysterious Person is in colloquy with The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts. As the P. G. S. of M. lives relentlessly at his elbow—dogs every day of his life,—it is hoped that the reader will make allowance for a certain impatient familiarity in the tone of The Mysterious Person toward so considerable a personage as The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts—which we can only profoundly regret.

The Mysterious Person: "There is no escaping from it. Reading-madness is a thing we all are breathing in to-day whether we will or no, and it is not only in the air, but it is worse than in the air. It is underneath the foundations of the things in which we live and on which we stand. It has infected the very character of the natural world, and the movement of the planets, and the whirl of the globe beneath our feet. Without its little paling of books about it, there is hardly a thing that is left in this modern world a man can go to, for its own sake. Except by step-

ping off the globe perhaps, now and then—practically arranging a world of one's own, and breaking with one's kind,—the life that a man must live to-day can only be described as a kind of eternal parting with himself. There is getting to be no possible way for a man to preserve his five spiritual senses—even his five physical ones,—and be a member, in good and regular standing, of civilization at the same time.

"If civilization and human nature are to continue to be allowed to exist together there is but one way out, apparently—an extra planet for all of us, one for a man to live on and the other for him to be civilized on."

P. G. S. of M.: "But——"

"As long as we, who are the men and women of the world, are willing to continue our present fashion of giving up living in order to get a living, one planet will never be large enough for us. If we can only get our living in one place and have to live with it in another, the question is, To whom does this present planet belong—the people who spend their days in living into it and enjoying it, or the people who never take time to notice the planet, who do not seem to know that they are living on a planet at all?"

P. G. S. of M.: "But——"

"I may not be very well informed on very many things, but I am very sure of one of them," said The Mysterious Person, "and that is, that this present planet—this one we are living on now—belongs by all that is fair and just to those who are really living on it, and that it should be saved and kept as a sacred and protected place—a place where men shall be able to belong to the taste and color and meaning of things and to God and to themselves. If people want another planet—a planet to belong to Society on,—let them go out and get it."

The Mysterious Person made a pause—the pause of settling things.

It might as well last four weeks.

It is to be hoped, also, that by that time The Presiding Genius of the State of Massachusetts will be able to get a word in.

# James Russell Lowell

By WILLIAM H. JOHNSON

ONE does not look to the New England of the past century for biography of a startling nature. Its life was above all well regulated, its literary soil uncongenial to the roots of morbid sensationalism. Higginson, Hale, Howells, Norton, Mrs. Howe, Stillman, and others are rapidly filling our shelves with New England reminiscence, correspondence, and more formal biography, but not a page of genuine scandal taints the accumulating mass at any point. That "terrible New England conscience" may be chargeable with many an uncomfortable quarter hour to its possessors, but it will scarcely be questioned that we owe to it a clean and healthful literature, as the natural outgrowth of morally healthful lives.

We do not open a fresh New England biography, then, in either hope or fear of food for scandal, and least of all would anyone turn to the biography of James Russell Lowell\* with any such feeling. The essential features of his life he frankly put upon his printed page, and anyone who has read any considerable portion of his prose or verse has but his own lack of insight to blame if he knows not what manner of man Lowell was. And after his death another faithful picture of his life was drawn in the two volumes of his correspondence, edited by the skilled and sympathetic hand of his lifelong friend and companion, Professor Norton, whose keen perception of artistic fitness is nowhere more evident than in the deftly unobtrusive work of his editorial pen. More recently, Edward Everett Hale has devoted a sumptuous volume to his impressions of "James Russell Lowell and His Friends."

It might seem relevant, then, to ask what more was left for Mr. Scudder to do; but after all such a question would be scarcely less fitting than the query *Why come again?* to an old friend who

had favored you with delightful visits in the past. We find no hitherto undiscovered trait of character in these volumes, no great event of life before unknown; but we do find the same rich and varied converse with a genial and noble spirit which we have found in the past, and he is an ingrate who would ask for more.

For the present day, perhaps the most pertinent feature of Lowell's many-sided life is his patriotic regard for the duties entailed by the high privilege of American citizenship. Nothing grated more harshly upon his sensitive nature than insensibility to the abuse of that privilege. It was gall and wormwood to him, travelling in Europe during the closing years of the Grant Administration, to be met at every turn with accounts of deep-seated corruption in institutions which he would fain have others believe with him to be, in their essential features, the final solution of the problems of human government; but it cut deeper still to come home and find a widespread disposition to treat these evils as a fit subject for flippant jest and banter, rather than to sweep them out of existence by a general outburst of righteous and wrathful indignation. The criticism to which Lowell was subjected for uttering vigorous words of protest against this indecency has long since fitly perished from its own inherent emptiness, but Mr. Scudder was, of course, obliged to notice it in order to make his work complete. We have used the word *complete*, but he would have done well to record in the same connection the poet's final estimate of Grant himself, so aptly stated in the lines "On a Bust of General Grant," published in the volume of "Last Poems," in 1895.

In any man of influence, independence of party lines is of course a thorn in the flesh to the machine politician, but as the years go by and underlying principles get themselves disengaged

\* James Russell Lowell; A Biography. By Horace E. Scudder. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. \$3.50.



from petty repulsions and attractions of a personal or partisan nature, it will be admitted more and more that the ideal of political independence, which Lowell maintained in act as well as in word, is the only ideal which wisdom and self-respect can sanction in a land of political liberty. It is not of essential importance whether Lowell was right or wrong in his application of this principle to specific men and measures; but whether a controlling portion of the voters of the country shall come to recognize and act upon the principle itself is a question upon which hangs in no small measure the success or failure of free government.

It is interesting to know (though of course no reader of Lowell will have to turn to these volumes to discover the fact) that Burke was among the active sources of his political inspiration. "Consider, for example," he said in his address at the opening of the Chelsea Public Library, "how a single page of Burke may emancipate the young student of politics from narrow views and merely contemporary judgments." It is known to many that another intrepid fighter for political independence, Mr. Godkin, was a constant student of Burke. The friends of the higher political life will do well to cultivate an author whose germs of thought have been potent in the production of two such admirable harvests. Mr. Scudder shows himself in full sympathy with his subject in these matters, and the effect of his biography cannot be other than to give a new impulse to the development of the type of citizenship for which Lowell stood.

It has been said that his friends always felt him capable of greater achievements than he ever accomplished. He himself was troubled with the same feeling. "It is n't very pleasant to think one's self a failure at seventy," we find him writing in 1888, "and yet that's the way it looks to me most of the time. I can't do my best. That's the very torment of it." This is apparently a portion of the letter which Professor Norton quotes. "My Folly whispers me, 'Now do something really good, as good as you know how,'

and so I do something, and it is n't as good as I know how." Three years earlier, in his address at the unveiling of the bust of Coleridge, he had said: "Let the man of imaginative temperament who has never procrastinated, who has made all that was possible of his powers, cast the first stone." Perhaps "the popular notion of his indolence" has been overrated by Mr. Scudder, who rightly concludes that "his industry is evident enough, when one adds his published and uncollected writings to his regular academic duties." Unstudious college boys who feel tempted to cite his Harvard career in self-defense will do well to read a letter of the period published in Professor Norton's collection. The student who will read twenty pages of Cicero and eight chapters of Herodotus, as a mere matter of choice, on the first day of his summer vacation, is anything but an idler, however far astray from his specifically assigned tasks his temperament may carry him. The idea of unfulfilled possibilities had haunted Lowell at least as early as his thirtieth year, for we find it voiced in "The Fountain of Youth,"—a poem which, considering its inherent merit, and its relation to the author's profoundest views of life, has been strangely neglected by those who have written of his work. Doubtless many feel regret that he did not drop all other cares and devote himself wholly to letters. What he himself was inclined to feel when hindered from writing by the pressure of other things is humorously indicated in a letter to Mr. Aldrich: "I am piecemealed here with so many things to do that I cannot get a moment to brood over anything as it must be brooded over if it is to have wings. It is as if a sitting hen should have to mind the door-bell." But Lowell would not have been Lowell without the strong sense of duty by which his course in life was determined, and we do well to take him as he was, without complaint.

In a man of such masculine strength of character, it is interesting to note the high value which he placed upon the sympathy and companionship of



women. One readily recalls from his published letters the names of Miss Norton, Miss Cabot, Miss Loring, Miss Sedgwick, the Misses Lawrence, Mrs. Herrick, Mrs. W. E. Darwin, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, and various others with whom he was drawn into friendly correspondence. It may be dangerous, in this period, to assume that such a fact needs any explanation, but anyone who feels that one is required will do well, perhaps, to seek it in the strong influence exerted over him in his early years by Maria White, who afterwards became his wife. It would be idle to speculate what his life might have been if the first woman to win his affections had been actuated by the scorn, then common in polite society, for the social and political reforms with which he soon cast in his lot. In Miss White he found strong intellectual and moral support, not only in his reform work, but in his purely literary ambitions as well, and one brought under such an influence in early life could hardly fail in later years to avail himself of the high quality of womanly sympathy and companionship which he found about him. His own power to attract, whether by personal converse or through his writings, was not limited by the accident of sex, and to call him a "ladies' man" on the basis of what has been noted would be as far from the truth as to allege the opposite. He made his appeal to qualities of human nature which lie deeper even than sex, and Mr. Scudder might with entire propriety have been speaking of both men and women when he says that "he attracted to himself the most witty and responsive." Society has no particular need for either mannish women or womanish men, but it must be remembered that many faults are merely abortions of closely related virtues; and who is to say that our social and political life would not be lifted to a decidedly higher plane if our men were to temper their strength with more of the tenderness seen in the character of Lowell, our women to brace their feminine virtues with more of the broadly developed intellectual

strength found in some of the women who were his friends.

Mr. Scudder, of course, arouses again our admiration for the wide range of Lowell's interests, and the fulness of his mental equipment,—a feeling which inevitably comes over one from almost any random half-dozen pages of his prose writings. Professor Wendell may be annoyed by chance allusions beyond the power even of a present-day Harvard professor to explain, but the most of us will take our Abraham à Sancta Claras on trust, not being so scientifically inclined as to object if our cornucopia shall pour forth an occasional morsel incapable of ready analysis and classification. No one will deny the worth of the writer who holds his reader more closely to the point immediately at issue, indulges less in allusion, and gets his illustrative material without going far beyond the mental horizon of those to whom his appeal is made. The critical work of Mr. Stedman, for instance, comes more nearly within such limits than Lowell's essays on Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton; and no critic who ever wrote has set more readers in the way of a broad and intelligent appreciation of English and American verse than has Mr. Stedman. The virtue of his method is certainly more apparent in its immediate results with the average reader; that of Lowell's method lies more in its fertility of suggestion. The aim is entirely different, and there can, of course, be no fixed determination of comparative value in such cases. In addressing the Workingmen's College, in London, Lowell said: "He reads most wisely who thinks everything into a book that it is capable of holding." Read in that way, a single volume of his "Literary Essays" might readily swell into a fair-sized library. It was his own thought that such reading forms the best basis for broad literary scholarship. From an unpublished professorial lecture at Harvard Mr. Scudder quotes him as saying to his pupils: "You will find that in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any really vital piece of literature, you

will be gradually and pleasantly persuaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and you will find yourselves scholars before you are aware." It was his own admiration for Dante, he went on to say, that lured him into such learning as he possessed. With full regard for the many and broad differences between Dante and any modern writer, one may say that Lowell's writings have in no mean degree that tendency to draw the reader on into pleasant and profitable fields of study, even as he himself was drawn by the great Italian.

The two chapters given to Lowell's diplomatic service will prove by no means the least interesting portion of the work to all who are concerned for the proper representation of the United States in foreign lands. It was in this connection especially that he was accused of a lack of "Americanism," and while no one at all informed on the subject gave any credence to such charges, still it is pleasant to see how easy it is for his biographer to prove that his residence abroad, so far from denationalizing him, simply intensified his patriotism and multiplied his occasions for giving it expression. As the trouble with Ireland was in an acute stage during his occupancy of the English mission, he was in almost constant difficulties with agitators who claimed American citizenship as a shield against the penalties of the law. Though he did his duty to the fullest extent in securing all legal rights to any whose American citizenship could be shown, yet it is evident enough that he had no respect for those who had naturalized themselves in the United States for no other purpose than to use their newly gained privileges as a cloak to cover doubtful or plainly illegal action under other jurisdiction. "Naturalized Irishmen," he says in one of his despatches, "seem entirely to misconceive the process through which they have passed in assuming American citizenship, looking upon themselves as Irishmen who have acquired a right to American protection, rather than as Americans who have renounced a claim to Irish nationality." Of

course, this statement was not intended to apply to all Irish-American citizens, but to those with whom he had to deal in his diplomatic capacity. Some day we may grow wise enough to take his advice and guard our bestowal of citizenship closely enough to save it from this type of abuse. Lowell's interest in Spain gave to his despatches from Madrid a tone doubtless without any close parallel in the archives of our State Department. Their literary and historical value has already been recognized by the publication of a volume of extracts, under the title "Impressions of Spain," which is well worthy a place by the side of his other writings. Mr. Scudder does not, as Mr. Hale and Mr. Howells have done, make any complaint of wrong or inconsistency in the President for not asking Lowell to continue in the English mission after the change in the political complexion of the administration. Professor Norton had already shown from his correspondence that he himself felt it to be a matter in which the President's own judgment was not to be questioned, though previous to the death of his wife he would have been willing to stay. Mr. Scudder lets us know that Lowell was aware that Mr. Blaine had promised the position to another in case of his election. Both Lowell and the President were doubtless well enough informed to know that he could not have retained the mission without subjecting himself to malicious and bitter criticism; and while it was not his way to have flinched from this if the President had thought that the interests of the country demanded his retention, yet the sanest view of the situation is one of thankfulness that he was not subjected to the strain.

The religious side of his character receives no essentially new light from this biography, since his religion was always so thoroughly a part of his every-day life that its general features could not be concealed. It is interesting to study the difference between his religious development and that of Dr. Holmes. The New England conscience inherited from their ancestors and strengthened by their early environ-

ment had given them both an endowment of unimpeachable personal morality. While the restless, analytic mind of Holmes led him into constant and radical conflict with the traditional New England theology, he always remained punctilious in the matter of attendance on divine services, and was so careful in the matter of Sabbath observance that he could not get the consent of his conscience even to the reading of fiction on the Sabbath day. Lowell, on the other hand, separated himself much more emphatically from the ordinary church life of his day than from its inherited theology. Burning with a desire to see the practical fruits of righteousness, he was disappointed, almost angered, at the meagreness of the crop, and could not sit and listen contentedly to services which did not seem to him to be fulfilling their divine purpose. In his later life he could hardly be called a church-goer at all, though his hold upon the higher spiritual life was strengthened as the years went by. Holmes could have but little faith beyond the range of vision, while Lowell could sum up the matter in the lines:

The shadow of the mystery  
Is haply wholesomer for eyes  
That cheat us to be over-wise,  
And I am happy in my right  
To love God's darkness as his light.

(In making use of this poem, Mr. Scudder has overlooked an annoying error of the types, by which *sight* is substituted for *right* in the last line but one.) In these experiences the two men were undoubtedly typical of two large classes of men to-day, in their attitude toward the Church and the Christian religion. If the Church can but learn successfully to commend a faith in the unseen to the Holmes type of mind, and at the same time to retain the hearty co-operation of men like Lowell, a large share of its present-day perplexities will vanish.

Lowell's character as a delightful humorist is, of course, continually apparent,—so much the better humorist in that he was never a professional humorist at all. In short, it may be said of Mr. Scudder's work that there is no essential phase of the life work and character of its subject which is neglected or unappreciated. He has performed a serious responsibility well, and the natural result will be an increased impetus to the study of the finest type of educated American citizenship which the country has yet produced. We have said nothing of serious flaws in the work, for they are practically non-existent. Exception must be made, however, of the paragraph in the second volume (page 295) in which two stanzas, first published in this magazine, I believe, are referred to as a suppressed portion of the original draft of the poem entitled "Phœbe." The lines are:

Let who has felt compute the strain  
Of struggle with abuses strong,  
The doubtful course, the helpless pain  
Of seeing best intents go wrong.

We who look on with critic eyes  
Exempt from action's crucial test,  
Human ourselves, at least are wise  
In honoring one who did his best.

One finds it hard to realize by what mischance Mr. Scudder could have gone astray on such a matter, but it is harder yet to conceive by what prophetic inspiration Lowell could have written in 1881 so apt a rejoinder to ill-considered criticism of Mr. Cleveland when President of the United States at a date some years later. However the mishap may have occurred, the author's best consolation lies in the stanzas themselves; and the critic, too, will seek from the same source what credit for wisdom there may be

In honoring one who did his best.



# The Great Reviews of the World

## No. II.—The French Reviews

By TH. BENTZON

IN speaking of the great European reviews, the first that comes to mind is the vast encyclopædia, the "panorama of thought," which finds its way wherever French is understood, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Armed from head to foot, it sprang out of the intellectual movement which took place simultaneously with a political revolution, that of 1830. At this incomparable period, there appeared in the most divers directions, in the drama, in fiction, in the arts, in philosophy, and in history, a host of talented men whose boldness and originality called for discussion and criticism. François Buloz was master of the situation; he appointed himself a great rôle: that of encouraging this splendid outburst of imagination, and of preserving it from errors and excesses.

His unfaltering taste, his extraordinary instinct for discovering talent, and aiding it to reveal itself, put him in touch with a throng of writers belonging to the different schools then engaged in a passionate and fruitful struggle. He sorted out good from bad, keeping the best. Thus the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was founded, with no thought at first of money on the part of the director or the contributors. The latter asked merely to give expression to their opinions; the former wished to realize the ambition with which he was possessed, to equal, to excel, the great English periodicals, to exercise the influence he felt himself capable of maintaining over contemporary literature. He began with limited resources the work which was inevitably to become a financial success. Picture the firm, energetic figure of Buloz, the Savoy mountaineer: his evident athletic strength was the symbol of an even greater force of will; almost a peasant in his roughness, he was yet masterful, and an unequalled autocrat; picture him surrounded by a

pleiad of writers whom he commanded with authority, and who were: Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Gustave Planche, Mérimée, Auguste Barbier, Théophile Gautier, etc. Although certain breaks occurred between the uncompromising spirits and their too absolute leader, no famous name was absent from the list,—not Victor Hugo, nor Balzac, nor Alexandre Dumas, nor Lamennais. It is, however, a mistake to say, as some have, that M. Buloz exerted over the gifted men of whom he took possession an influence destructive to originality. The very personal character of the works which were a glory to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* sufficiently proves the contrary. Can it be maintained that he put in a fixed and uniform

### REVUE DES DEUX MONDES

FRANÇOIS BULOZ, FONDATEUR

LXX<sup>e</sup> ANNÉE. — QUATRIÈME PÉRIODE

TOME CENT SOIXANTE-DEUXIÈME

N<sup>o</sup> LIVRAISON

15 DÉCEMBRE 1900

PARIS

25, rue de l'Université, 25

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mould the Quinets, the Villemains, the Renans, the Taines, that he thwarted the wit of Edmond About or of Cherbuliez, that he disregarded Octave Feuillet's subtle analyses of society?

These eminent contributors were willing to acknowledge that the iron hand of Buloz exercised no unfortunate tyranny. The spirit of the *Revue* has always been liberal; while it has welcomed the most diverse opinions, it has remained on that superior plane where discussion turns upon principles, never upon an individual, where fleeting party feeling gives way to interest in the country's good. The political articles, signed by the best names, from Loeve Weimar to Francis Charmes, constitute a monument priceless in the history of the epoch that inspired them. Under the Second Empire, when Eugène Forcade was writing the famous *chronique*, it was awaited from one fortnight to another by all Europe as a veritable literary event. The press was very vigorously muzzled at that time, and the opposition to the imperial régime was conducted by Forcade with a skill that defied suppression. It was, moreover, M. Buloz's boast that he had never suffered a check, nor received support from any power. The *Revue* was never the instrument of a coterie, nor did it lend itself to the exaggeration of the moment. It had the honor of being suppressed during the Commune, but, as the army very soon afterward delivered Paris, it continued to appear uninterrupted. François Buloz died at the wheel, it may be said, June 1, 1877; nothing, not even the cruel disease from which he suffered, had distracted him one instant from what was the unique interest and passion of his life. His son, Charles Buloz, succeeded him in the direction, which he abandoned, in 1893, to M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who was better prepared than anyone to undertake it, having devoted himself since 1875 to the *Revue*. He has constantly widened the circle around him, affording more and more place to the discussion of great international problems, economic and industrial questions, documents of

1 <sup>re</sup> Année.	N <sup>o</sup> 15.	1 <sup>er</sup> Août 1900.
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PARIS		
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1900		

scientific research, study in the form of travels and descriptions of foreign institutions and customs, and the manifestations of literature in all countries. Philartète Chasles as soon as 1835 had begun introducing to the *Revue* the English and American writers with whom Fargues, St. René Taillandier, Émile Montégut, Wyzewa, and still others, including the writer of this article, have since occupied themselves actively. But these distinguished foreigners are allowed also to present themselves directly through translations. The *Revue* is becoming more and more universal in every sense of the word.

The *Revue de Paris* also offers generous hospitality to foreign authors, as d'Annunzio, Kipling, Mathilde Serao, and many others can testify. An eminent critic, M. Chevrillon, nephew of Taine, has devoted his extensive learning and his perfect style to the service of English literature. The names of Anatole France, of Bourget, of Loti, are counted among the novelists



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who contribute to this young and living *Revue*, which as yet lacks tradition, going back only to 1894. But it has, nevertheless, at least through its name, some roots in the past. François Buloz published for several years a *Revue de Paris* as an annex to the dawning *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and in 1853 it was resuscitated by some young writers, Flaubert among them. But the attempt was only half successful. Suppressed in 1858 because of its political tendencies, it seemed quite dead when a great Parisian publisher, Calmann Lévy, revived it from ashes. It can be imagined what advantages were insured from the start to the representatives of a dynasty of publishers into whose hands some of the best products of French imagination had flowed for half a century. The débuts of the *Revue de Paris*, founded at a time when the star of the *Nouvelle Revue* was setting, were most brilliant. One after another, from fortnight to fortnight, there appeared in it a series of unpublished correspondences, the letters from Balzac to his wife, those

of Mérimée to the Princess Julie Bonaparte, those of Benjamin Constant to Madame de Charrière, and, with these, other curiosities in the form of peculiarly rare documents, as, for example, a rather mediocre dialogue on Love, signed by Napoleon.

The direction of the *Revue* was entrusted to two well-trained minds which completed each other, — Louis Ganderax, still a young man, but one who had tested his ability in many ways, as a playwright, a novelist, a critic; he was a former pupil of the Superior Normal School, the hot-house for French men of letters in the highest meaning of the word, and he was moreover a man of the world, which is no disadvantage.

With him there was James Darmesteter, historian of the Prophets of Israel, an eminent Orientalist, an erudite, profound, and conscientious professor at the Collège de France, and versed as are few in English literature.

M. Darmesteter died before the end of the first year. He was replaced by Ernest Lavisse, professor of modern

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history at the Faculté des Lettres de Paris, a recently elected member of the French Academy, one of the men who have most often treated the interesting question of public instruction, and more especially of higher education, not only in France, but also in Germany.

Thus conducted, the *Revue de Paris* made a place of its own without infringing upon the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It boasted of having more variety, fantasy, and eclecticism; it was planned with less method, and open only irregularly to politics through articles generally not signed, and therefore attributed to princes of royal blood. The Princes of Orléans have written frequently in the reviews, notably the Duc d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; but the Duc d'Aumale always signed his articles, as befits a member of the Academy.

The *Correspondant* also counts among its regular contributors more than one member of the French Academy, the Duc de Broglie and the Comte de Mun, foremost. It is a very old review; in 1874 it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, for it goes back to the days of the Martignac Ministry, the most liberal and the best intentioned of any during the Restoration. With an ardor which condemned it as making dangerous concessions to the revolutionary spirit, its policy tended toward the fusion of the monarchical and popular parties. Under the motto, "Liberté civile et religieuse," a group of young men, proud of being Christians, and fired with liberty and high moral ideals, united in the noble intellectual movement which marked the



Photographie

Touranchet, Paris

FRANÇOIS BULOZ, FOUNDER OF THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES"

(From a plaster cast taken shortly before his death)

last years of Charles X's reign; they were MM. de Vogué, de Meaux, de Carné, and others whose names, worthily represented by the younger generation, may still be found in the *Correspondant*, — scholars, politicians, philosophers, historians. The most illustrious of them all, Montalembert, gave his first works to the new periodical, in which he continued to publish faithfully. This constancy among its contributors is a characteristic feature of the *Correspondant*. In the first number, 1828, the first article was signed by the Vicomte de Meaux; in 1879, fifty years later, some remarkable articles on religious freedom appeared, signed by the same name, a son of the Vicomte de Meaux, and son-in-law of Montalembert. The Cochains, the



Photographie

M. LOUIS GANDEREX  
(Of "La Revue de Paris")

Pirou, Paris

Lenormants of to-day, continue the work of their fathers; they represent the same ideas. All the great Neo-Catholics, as they are called, who dreamed of an alliance between science and religion,—Dupanloup, bishop of Orléans, Cardinal Perraud, Lacordaire the Dominican preacher, Father Gratry, Comte de Falloux,—have written for the *Correspondant*. Victor de Laprade represented poetry, Armand de Pontmartin literary criticism. Fiction was perhaps not as good as the other branches of letters; it lacked freedom and boldness; and during many years women contributors were very limited, although such names as those of Madame Swetchine, Mrs. Augustus Craven, née de la Ferronnays, could be met with occasionally. Several other distinguished women, Mme. Caro, Mme.

Dronsart, Mme. Dieulafoy, Mme. Octave Feuillet, etc., the Queen of Roumania among them, have succeeded these under the enlightened direction of M. Léon Lavedan, father of Henri Lavedan, the "enfant terrible" of the French Academy, whose ultra-modern and ultra-Parisian talent has adopted nothing from family traditions. Until 1855 this magazine, which now appears the 10th and 25th of every month, was only monthly. Then it passed from the hands of M. Charles Lenormant, member of the Institute, a famous Egyptologist, into those of M. Léon Lavedan, a former Prefect, and once Director of the Press at the Ministry of the Interior, already head-editor and a journalist who wrote for the *Figaro* under the pseudonym of Philippe de Grandlieu. The *Correspondant* was continuously and violently at war with the Second Empire. It has a wide

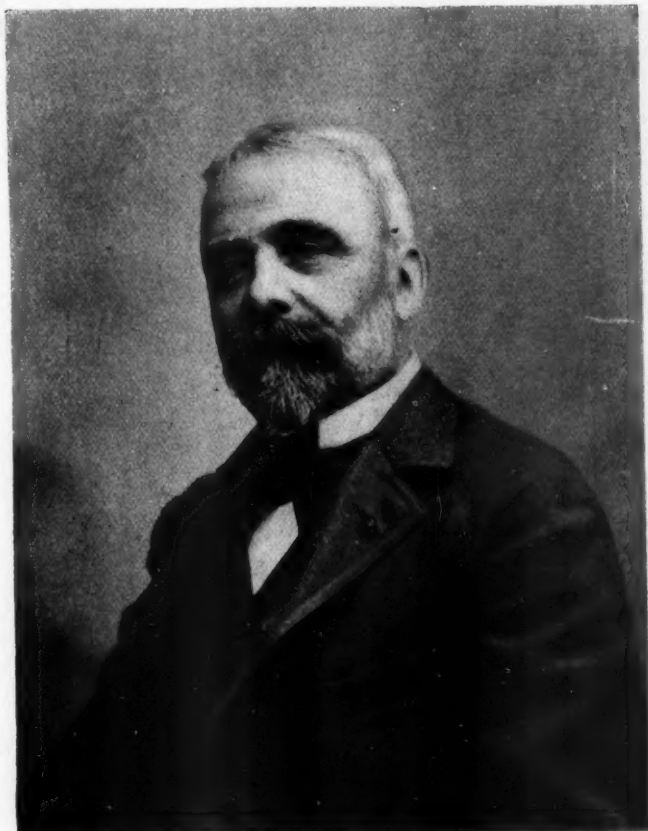
circulation among the high classes of French society and in the provinces,—over twelve thousand subscribers,\*—but is much less known outside of France. They say it stands between Rome and the Academy, between the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats*; an indisputable fact is that the most eminent members of that somewhat limited part of French aristocracy which is also an intellectual aristocracy figure among its contributors.

A less voluminous magazine, published weekly on Saturdays, is the *Revue Bleue*, which merits wider recognition in America. It was first called

\*The number 25,000, reached by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, was considered enormous. The magazines in other countries appeal to a far more varied class of people; they are, moreover, less expensive, none of them costing as much as 50 francs a year.

the *Revue des Cours politiques et littéraires*, and had no further object than to acquaint the public with the most interesting lessons given at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne. Under this modest form it began to appear

maintained director of the *Revue Scientifique*, now the *Revue Rose* (so called after the pink color of its cover), founded at the same time, on the same principles, to keep the public posted concerning higher scientific instruction



Photographie

M. ERNEST LAVISSE

Pirou, Paris

(One of the Editors of "La Revue de Paris")

December 1, 1863, at the publishers Germer-Baillière, well known throughout Europe and beyond the seas, where there are Baillières of the same profession in London, New York, and Madrid. Under the auspices of MM. Eugène Yung and Émile Alglave, it obtained such success that they were obliged greatly to enlarge its scope. After July 1, 1871, M. Alglave re-

in France and elsewhere, the great discoveries, the philosophic ideas which are circulated in the learned world, and the scientific movement in its industrial and economic manifestations. English and American savants, Agassiz first of all, owe it much of their popularization in France. Eugène Yung meanwhile became the veritable founder of the *Revue littéraire*, well known

to-day as the *Revue Bleue*. While it continued to publish weekly the principal lessons of the Collège de France and the Faculties, this sound and unpretentious magazine gave a political chronicle, a bulletin of the learned

it was, moreover, generally well informed, and it entered with ardor after the war into the democratic movement which had Gambetta as leader. An Alsacian by birth, Eugène Yung, having graduated from the Superior Nor-



Photographie

Chalot, Paris

M. LÉON LAVEDAN  
(Editor of "La Correspondant")

societies, an article wherein the latest books were discussed, a monthly geographical bulletin, and occasionally a diplomatic sketch, showing from a French point of view the different events transpiring abroad. It offered a short and striking picture of contemporary events, and almost all the names prominent in the great reviews were to be found on this more familiar sheet;

mal school of letters, was engaged for a long time in the *Journal des Débats*. He could bring to bear upon his work the special training he had acquired when still a youth as François Buloz's secretary. He also had the art of choosing well his contributors, of directing them with tact and delicacy, of divining talent, as in the case, for example, of Jules Lemaitre. Arvéde



Barine (Mme. Vincens) sent him her first essays, Henry Gréville some of her most attractive romances. Gyp was there too, side by side with serious Academicians. An American woman, Jeanne Mairé (Miss Healy), daughter

of the *Revue*, M. Alfred Rambaud became manager in 1888. Everybody knows the work of this historian who is also a politician, and who undertook with M. Lavissee the publication of one of the most important modern works,



Photographie

MME. ADAM

Ogerau, Paris

(Founder and first Editor of "La Nouvelle Revue")

of the painter, contributed some of her international novels to the *Revue Bleue*.

Up to the last hour of his life, Eugène Yung directed with a steady hand the bark he had so successfully launched; he was taken from his work at the age of sixty, December 27, 1887. After an interregnum, during which the present director, M. Henri Ferrari, who was already an assistant editor, con-

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It would be difficult to speak of French reviews without mentioning the work of Mme. Adam (Juliette Lamber), a work which no woman had



Photographie Disdéri, Paris  
M. ALFRED RAMBAUD  
(Lately Editor of "La Revue Bleue")



Photographie Camus, Paris  
M. PAUL CALMANN LÉVY  
(Founder of "La Revue de Paris")

undertaken before her, nor has ever tried to manage since, but her withdrawal from the direction seems to have dealt a death-blow to the *Nouvelle Revue*. Although there is talk of a new and more able management, it cannot now be classed among the great reviews any more than several others, however interesting they may be, as, for example, the very ancient *Revue Britannique*, which, since 1825, has kept the French public in touch with the social and literary movement in Great Britain; the widespread *Revue des Revues*, the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*—each has its specialty. Many others have been founded: the one which calls itself, rather ambitiously, *La Grande Revue*; the æsthetic *Mercure de France*; the *Revue Blanche*, organ of those who pretend to be "les jeunes," etc.

It would be curious to study them if one had time and space. But the reviews which have been and remain the daily food of literary Paris are the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*, while the *Correspondant* appeals more to old-fashioned France than to its cosmopolitan capital, except the Faubourg St. Germain, which in its way is provincial too.

I shall not conclude without speaking of the striking success obtained during the last two years by a new universal illustrated review published at Hachette's, *La Lecture pour Tous*. For cheapness and popularity it rivals *McClure's Magazine*, which it somewhat resembles, but, although it borrows from all countries subjects of thrilling interest, its qualities are essentially French.



## Mr. Winston Churchill

By WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK

IN the manner of Carlyle at Craigenputtock, the author of "Richard Carvel" has selected for himself a spot in which to write "far from the madding crowd." At least, such it seems to the unfortunate wight from New York, who, in order to reach the little town of Windsor, Vermont, is compelled to subject himself to seven hours of "time-table," and eight hours of actual discomfort in the dusty, overcrowded cars of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Churchill does not live in Vermont, but in New Hampshire, although the boundary line flows, in the form of the Connecticut River, within a stone's throw of his door. But as this is the back-door, the visitor's approach is from the opposite direction.

It was a cool, bracing morning of early winter when I left the conjugal proprietors of the little store-restaurant in Windsor where I had breakfasted, discussing the advisability of raising the price on the new consignment of gingerbread horses, and wound my way through the town, southward, past the railway station and the "meeting-house" to the long covered bridge that spans the broad but shallow river. "Harlakenden House," however, lies four miles to the northward, so after reaching the New Hampshire side I turned abruptly to the left and followed the road, that at this point is confined between hills and stream, and that, save for a slight undulating movement, runs in an almost direct line to the confines of Mr. Churchill's estate. Road and river gradually separate more and more from one another, until the latter is lost to view behind the intervening woodland.

"We call that part of the world across the river there 'New York,'" was the information volunteered by the native Vermonter to whom I had applied for guidance; "the folks over yonder come up here in the summer time to set round on the mountains

and keep cool." As, however, the mountains in question are of a very embryonic nature, and as the majority of those who do the "setting" on them are from the learned city by the Charles, the accuracy of my cicerone would seem to be open to cavil.

Entering the author's estate, which embraces nearly two hundred acres of land, from the old stage-road, along which at intervals the ancient coach still lumbers, one proceeds in a direct line toward the river for perhaps a third of a mile, between woodland on the one hand and fallow fields on the other, to the point at which the drive turns sharply northward in among the birches and moss-covered evergreens and past the silent leaf-strewn tennis-court. With a bold reverse curve the road sweeps gently upward, as though conscious of the æsthetic value of the unexpected, and brings the visitor into sudden view of the house, that stands upon a crest of land overlooking the river and the fertile valley. Save for the lack of moat and drawbridge, it would not be difficult to imagine oneself to have walked into one of Sir Walter Scott's novels and to be advancing to the rescue of beauty from the donjon of some robber baron. Our intentions, however, being peaceable, we ascend the gravelled roadway and bespeak admittance at the central portal, that is flanked on each side by ample wings extending back toward the forest. The house is a low red-brick structure, in the style of Queen Anne's reign, severe in its simplicity and of enduring solidity. Admitted by the dignified, respectful English footman, we find ourselves in a large hall-like living-room which occupies the entire depth of the house, and that opens on to a large semicircular terrace in the rear. At the north end of the apartment is a generous old-fashioned fireplace, round which in former times relatives and friends would have gathered for the hanging of the crane; while at the opposite end is the



Photo for THE CARRIC by  
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HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, HOME OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.—THE APPROACH

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

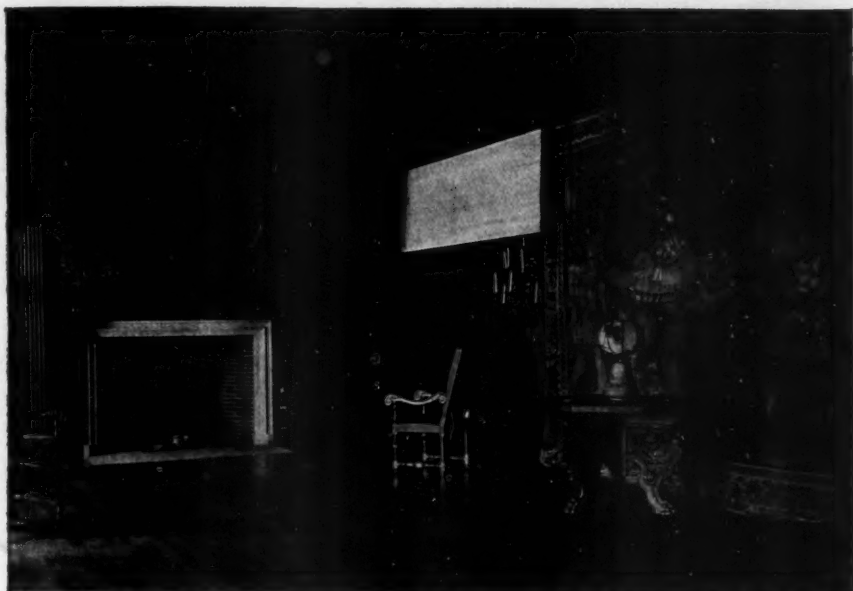


Photo for THE CRITIC by

THE MUSIC ROOM, HARLAKENDEN HOUSE

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

entrance into what I assumed to be the living apartments, but into which I got merely a passing, surreptitious glance, such as Bluebeards's wife is said to have gained into the forbidden chamber before her final indiscretion. With unerring feeling for the exigencies of hospitality, the owner and architect of Harlakenden House have so arranged matters as to reserve the greatest ocular delights for the visitor after admission to the dwelling.

"Mr. Churchill has gone and built down in the swamp, when he might have put his house up yonder on one of those hills," was the carping remark of the driver who brought me to Harlakenden House on the occasion of a second visit; but I suspect that my pessimistic friend had never passed through the entrance portals and on to the terrace beyond. For from this vantage point all ideas of swamp and lowly situation vanish. Several hundred feet below and half a mile distant glisten the seemingly motionless waters of the river, that loses itself to the north and south among the enclosing hills of the sister States. Diagonally

across the stream are visible the roofs of Windsor through the autumn foliage; and behind the town rises the burly form of Mount Ascutney, abbreviated by the natives to 'Scutney, doubtless in view of New England erudition, in the mistaken desire to rid the name of an inappropriate *alpha privative*.

Mr. Churchill's study, however, is at the extreme end of the north wing, so, re-entering the house, we pass through the dark, heavily wainscoted hall and the other two rooms of the main building, and turn into the long tapestried music-room, which is large enough to cause the feeling of loneliness and insignificance. Beyond is the billiard-room, and attached to the north side of this, in the manner adopted by children in their architectural essays, the small square literary workshop of the owner of the house. On the occasion of my visit Mr. Churchill was standing before the grate-fire in exclusively masculine attitude, in the pleasant occupation of warming himself. His riding costume, whose immaculateness suggested equestrian pleasures yet





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A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

to come, had the effect of making him appear even taller than the six feet allowed him by nature. Broad-shouldered and erect, there is about him, as is but natural in view of his history, the suggestion rather of the trim Annapolis cadet than of the weather-seasoned naval officer whose sharp, nervous step has been modified by long years of soberly "goin' large a bit" on the uncertain platform of the quarter-deck. His glance, however, has lost nothing of the direct fearlessness that characterizes the glance of those trained to military pursuits, and that is the result of the habit of obedience and the consciousness of duty unquestioningly performed.

"Do you like to do interviews?" he asked when we were seated at his monster writing-desk, that nearly fills the little study. "I should think they must be rather disagreeable sometimes."

"Yes, they are occasionally, when one runs across a cad. But fortunately that is rather unusual. But I don't stop to ask myself whether I like it or not—I'm a married man, you see."

"Oh—that makes a difference, does n't it? But when do you write the interviews up, immediately after your visit or on your return home?"

"Just as soon as ever I can get pen and paper, for fear I never could recapture the first fine careless rapture."

"Where is that quotation from?" inquired my host. "Browning? I never can think of a quotation by any possible chance. That is, unless it be one from 'Horatius at the Bridge.' I learned that as a boy at school, and it took such a hold on my imagination that I have never been able to forget it. They tell me that Macaulay's verse is not poetry, and I suppose they are right. Nevertheless, I like it; it has a fine rush and swing to it that makes the blood tingle and the pulses bound. And, after all, that seems to me to be the final argument about a book or poem—I like it, or I don't like it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Absolutely, Mr. Churchill; no other standard is of any value whatever. All criticism, I think, might be condensed into this sentence: Read it, or Don't read it. Moreover, that is the atti-

tude, it seems to me, one ought to take toward life,—the unquestioning, uncritical attitude,—simply to live it in a good healthy manner without much speculation about its problems and mysteries."

"Precisely," he replied; "only, unfortunately, it generally takes a good many years before we come to that wise conclusion; youth, you know, is proverbially analytic and introspective."

"Well," I supplemented, "a little money and success are a great help toward a healthy, normal view of life. Some struggle is, of course, good for a man, but eventual success is absolutely necessary to his mental welfare."

"Success," said the author, "is a matter of determination; every man can succeed if he wills it hard enough."

"I don't agree with you, Mr. Churchill; a man may have an insane determination to succeed in some line for which he possesses absolutely no ability. As witness, Goethe's desire to become an artist. Anybody with five fingers and a pad and pencil could draw as well."

"That does n't disprove my theory, however. You say a man may be filled with determination to do something for which he is unfitted. As a matter of fact, however, if he has n't the ability, the desire is apt to be correspondingly weak, although he may, of course, think it is exigent. A great many men, I feel convinced, go into literary and artistic work with the, perhaps unconscious, desire to find something in which they need not work very hard and in which they can be masters of their own time. Also, the chance of winning fame easily leads many into these lines. But that does not mean that they have the requisite determination to succeed. You cite Goethe as an example of a man who was determined to do something for which he lacked the talent. But how do you know that he was really determined? Can you prove it?"

In view of the fact that I had never discussed the question with the Herr Geheimrat and that the opportunity so to do had been irrevocably lost seventy years ago, there was nothing for it but to acknowledge the strength



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HARLAKENDEN HOUSE, THE MORNING ROOM

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

of my interlocutor's contention, while, of course, remaining absolutely unconvinced.

For the beguilement of the uncertain hours of railway travel I had taken with me a volume of Green's "Short History of the English People," and about this work as a pivot our discussion shifted to the point of the conversational compass marked "historical novels," on which subject the views of my host may be considered to carry

tation; yet nevertheless when I read him I can fairly see before me those red-faced, roystering Normans; he makes them living presences."

"I have never been able to read any of Hewlitt's books, Mr. Churchill," I said; "they read to me almost as though written by some one whose native tongue was not English. However, I don't care much for historical novels of any kind."

"Well, I am myself not particularly



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THE SOUTH TERRACE, OVERLOOKING THE CONNECTICUT RIVER

Sherman, Windsor, Vt.

the weight of the successful specialist.

"Whenever I read Green's 'History,'" he remarked anent the little volume, "I think what a pity it is that some one has not done the same thing for American history as he did for English history. Of course he is not exhaustive, but his power of condensation is wonderful: in a few words he gives one a perfect picture of a man or period. Have you read Hewlitt's 'Richard Yea and Nay'? He does the same thing, only, of course, in a different manner. His style, I know, is peculiar, almost to the point of affect-

tion; yet nevertheless when I read him I can fairly see before me those red-faced, roystering Normans; he makes them living presences."

"There is just this objection, however, to the English novels of all sorts," I said—"Do they represent life as it really is? It does n't seem to me that they do so."

"I suppose you mean as regards morality and immorality?" said Mr. Churchill. "That is a very broad question and one that is very hard to settle. Would you advocate introducing immorality into every book?"

"Well, that hardly admits of a categorical answer, Mr. Churchill. I would advocate making literature an accurate and exhaustive reflex of life in all its phases, moral and immoral. And that is just what English literature is not."

"I am by no means prudish in these matters," said my host; "but personally I have never had to settle the question, as I had no occasion to deal with such subjects in my own books. My idea was to treat of the great forces that went to the making of the United States, rather than to study social conditions as manifested in individuals. It was necessary, for instance, for me to make Stephen Brice a prig on account of the exigencies of 'The Crisis'; but as far as his morality goes, although he is a composite character, I have known a dozen men intimately whose conduct was just as blameless. There are two ways of treating immorality in literature: in what may be called the pessimistic and optimistic ways. That is, to treat it with frank hopelessness, without the effort to elevate humanity; or to treat it in a manner to make it a deterrent influence. Both of these methods are open to objection; the latter, of course, on the part of the advocates of art for art's sake, as they would repudiate all writing with a purpose."

"That is all true, Mr. Churchill; but I am interested to see how you will solve the problem when you come to write your novel of contemporary life, which you say is to complete your cycle of American historical novels. It will be impossible to escape questions of morality in treating of present-day civic life."

"Yes, I suppose that is true; but I have n't yet thought about the matter very deeply; it will be time enough to settle the question when I come to write the book. Of one thing, however, I am convinced—and that is that America is to-day the most moral country in the world. Of course, that is, judged entirely aside from the great

cities, which are corrupt in every land."

"The question, however, is, I said, 'how long can America remain so? All countries seem to run pretty much the same course, and with a growth in leisure and art America is sure to become more and more like European countries.'"

"Of course, that is true," said Mr. Churchill. "The question for us is, how long can we defer this deterioration? Certainly, if I had my choice where and at what period of history to live, I should choose America at the present time. It seems to me the most interesting time of the world's history. Just think of the problems that are waiting for us to solve!"

"In treating of such a character as Daniel Webster, Mr. Churchill, how would you portray him—just as he really was, or with his lapses omitted?"

"I should consider it wrong," replied the author, "to expose the weaknesses of a man like Webster, because he is a historical ideal that should not be shattered. The same is true in regard to Hamilton; whereas, with a man like Aaron Burr, I should not hesitate to portray him exactly as he was, as that would mean no loss to historical ideals."

"Practically I never write short stories," said my host toward the close of our conversation, "as I have all that I can attend to in writing the books I have already planned. When I was in New York, however, eighteen months ago, a young man came to me from one of the well-known minor magazines with a very liberal offer for a story for the periodical. 'But I never write to order,' I told him; 'I could n't think of doing it.' 'But we have everything planned for you, Mr. Churchill,' he urged; 'the period of the story, and everything else about it.' He seemed to have the idea that I was vainly searching about for the scene and setting for a story, and that I would be duly thankful for assistance in the matter."



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

## The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

OF the many more or less successful new plays produced during the Christmas season, there are not any of sufficient intrinsic value to require long or serious discussion now. The popularity of Mr. Shipman's "D'Arcy of the Guards" is due partly to its patriotic interest, partly to the fact that it tells a simple love story of well-approved pattern, and very largely to a lively representation, and some excellent military scenes, especially a jollification with punch and pipes and musical accompaniment. Structurally, the piece is very weak, sometimes almost ridiculous, but it has life and action, and very few tedious moments. Between the gallant young Irish officer, distracted by love on the one hand and duty on the other, and the ardent little American patriot, who begins by hating and ends by loving him, after she has tried to kill him, honors are pretty equally divided, and the lady's final surrender, after victory, is entirely without prejudice to the cause which she has upheld so steadfastly. It would be a good thing if all international differences could be settled so pleasantly. Mr. Miller's part presents no difficulties and offers no great artistic reward, but he plays it in manly,

straightforward, agreeable fashion, with easy humor and sincere feeling. He is well supported by Miss Florence Rockwell, who is an attractive and spirited heroine, Charles F. Gotthold, and others.

Mr. H. V. Esmond's comedy, "The Wilderness," is an ambitious, purpose-



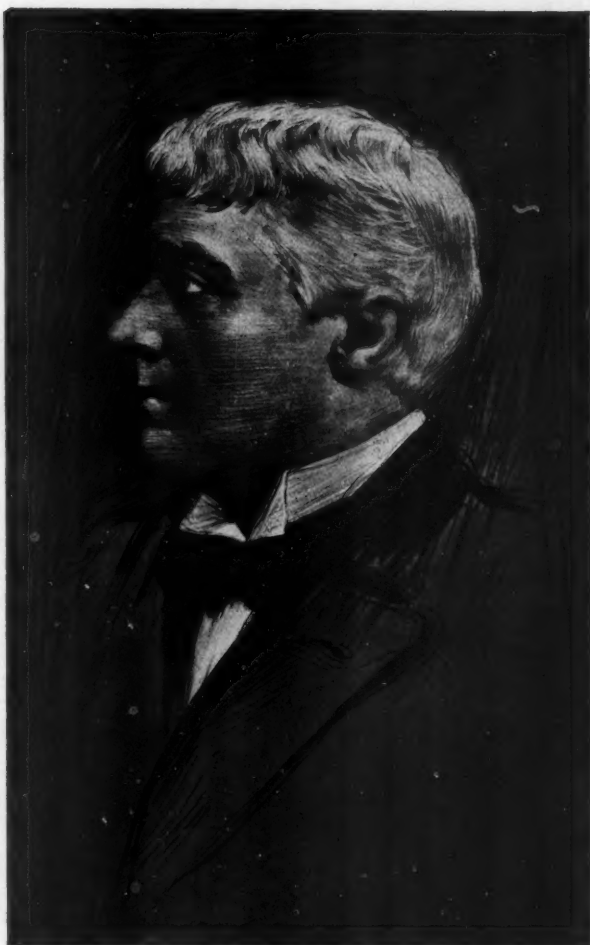
Photo by

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

Sarony



ful, clever, but uneven and not altogether convincing work. Professedly, it is a satire upon the folly and emptiness of modern fashionable life, and particularly upon the abominable barter and sale of young virginity for wealth and title. Unfortunately, the issue scarcely enforces the proposed moral, inasmuch as the dishonest trickery of the heroine ultimately results in a future of unalloyed happiness and prosperity. Logically, it is impossible to feel much sympathy for Mabel Vaughan, except possibly on the score of bad early training. It is true that she experiences a revulsion of feeling upon the discovery—effected in one of the most vital scenes of the play—that her chosen lover wants her to be his mistress, not his wife, but her emotion is one of disappointment, of offended prudence rather than of intolerable outrage. She does not instantly break with him, at once and forever, but philosophizes, and, in almost the next instant, accepts the honest proposal of the rich baronet, for whom she and her mother had long been angling. Her outburst of hysterical passion or remorse after plighting her troth, is not clearly explained. At all events, her repentance, or shame, or regret, is not strong enough to induce her to tell the truth. Even after her marriage, when she has learned to love her husband for himself alone, and to rebel against the utter selfishness and immorality of her mother, she is still willing to receive the old base lover upon such



MR. KYRLE BELLEW

friendly terms that he is encouraged to renew his approaches. Her rebuke is then sufficiently plain and scorching, and this ought, by every principle of reason and sound dramatic practice, to have been followed promptly by the full confession to her husband upon which she had already resolved. But here Mr. Esmond makes the serious mistake of informing the husband of the true state of the case by means of the trite and clumsy expedient of a mislaid letter, and the whole situation is changed in order that the final agony



MR. OTIS SKINNER AS LANCIOTTO IN "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI"

may be prolonged. It may be granted that the scenes thus gained are theatrically effective in themselves, but they are superfluous and detract from the force and pathos of the true climax, which is the confession by the wife of her fault and of her love. This was made extraordinarily moving by the refined, delicate, and eloquent acting of Margaret Anglin. In the earlier acts she rather over-emphasized the darker side of the girl's character, making her designing rather than shallow, but in

the closing scenes her acting was realistic in the best sense, in its close imitation of nature, and its depth of passionate and tremulous emotion. She saved the fortunes of the play, which up to that moment had trembled in the balance. The general representation was more than creditable, but the chief honors were indisputably hers, and, in so brief a review, it would not be fair to attempt to divide them.

The popular success, foreseen from the first, of Mr. Belasco's "Du Barry," is mainly due to artfully stimulated curiosity. The piece is a splendid and in many respects an artistic spectacle. Such a picture as that of the Du Barry's bedroom is worthy of the most famous stage, and throughout the decorations and dresses are upon a lavish scale. But the play

itself, despite its introduction of a few historical facts, belongs to a common type of melodrama. The dialogue is of the most ordinary quality. As for the central figure, she is not the artful and fascinating courtesan who was able to enchain and rule the luxurious and profligate Louis, but a new Zaza, manifestly and rather cunningly devised to fit the theatrical methods of Mrs. Leslie Carter, and played by her upon the exact lines of the earlier character, with the same

flaunting audacity, the same violent contrasts, and the same exhibitions of tempestuous animal passion that so tickled the ears of the groundlings a year ago. Mrs. Carter is a far better performer technically than she used to be, and has learned how to employ all her available resources. She is a competent exponent of flaming melodrama and can sustain herself for a considerable period at a high pitch of unregulated fury. At such moments she entrances those who confuse mere sound with sense and feeling. But her paroxysms are athletic, not emotional. They are all on the same shrieking, strenuous key, vigorous and voluminous, but unmodulated, unrefined, and uninspired. It is not in such whirlwinds that the breath of genius comes. Possibly she may be capable of better things, but just now she, and her directors, seem to be content with the achievement of what is known theatrically as a howling success.

"A Gentleman of France" is one of the best acting plays that has been manufactured thus far out of a modern novel, but it derives its chief importance from the really admirable romantic acting of Mr. Kyrle Bellew in the principal character. His easy grace, his incessant, significant, and picturesque action, his mastery of pose, and unfailing sense of situation, his avoidance of exaggeration and rant, his fervor as a lover, his nicely modulated and clean crisp delivery, and his dashing sword-play, are object lessons, of great value, in an almost forgotten art for our younger actors. A better performance than this, in a piece of this kind, has not been seen since the days of Fechter. His fight upon the staircase is one of the most striking things of the sort ever seen upon the stage.

The limitations of space will only permit the briefest reference to Basil Hood's "Sweet and Twenty," a pretty, simple, sympathetic little love story, played neatly, but with rather laborious sentimentalism, at the Madison Square, or to the performance, in the same theatre, of the first act of "Les Romanesques," which was very favorably received. Bessie Tyree and Isa-

bel Irving acted prettily as the lovers, and Stanley Dark, humorously, as the mock bravo. Boker's fine play, "Francesca da Rimini," is no novelty, but its revival at the Victoria Theatre, and its enthusiastic reception, must not be altogether overlooked. Hearty congratulations are due to Mr. Otis Skinner upon the success of his artistic enterprise, and his own able, eloquent, picturesque, and forcible impersonation of Lanciotto. Such a representation, at this time, is precious and encouraging to all true lovers of the stage.

Mr. Grundy's stage version of the much dramatized "Les Doigts de Fée," which he calls, appositely enough, "Frocks and Frills," is the lightest of light comedies, showing how a poor relation of a titled but inexpensively mean family makes a fortune by dress-making, and avenges the slights put upon her by her kinsfolk by pouring the hot coals of charity upon their humbled heads. It is an ephemeral trifle, with bright dialogue, some amusing situations, and plentiful opportunities for the display of sumptuous millinery. It was magnificently dressed and admirably played at Daly's by Daniel Frohman's company. Dorothy Dorr as a new Flora McFlimsy, Alice Fischer as an aspiring parvenue, Jameson Lee Finney as a stuttering young baronet, and Grant Stuart as a vain, selfish, hypocritical, and empty peer, especially distinguished themselves. Good work was done also by Hilda Spong, Robert Lorraine, and Rose Eytinge. The performance, indeed, was worthy of the best traditions of the house in this style of entertainment, and was greeted with continuous merriment and applause.

The appearance of the eminent English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in the Republic Theatre was undoubtedly the most interesting event of the present theatrical season up to date. She was welcomed heartily by an uncommonly brilliant and intelligent audience, and her first impersonation, Magda, which is all that can be considered in this article, was received with general admiration. Anything like a deliberate estimate of her histri-

onic powers, based upon a single performance, would be manifestly unfair, but it is clear that her claim to be considered as a leader in her profession, so far as the younger members of it are concerned, cannot be disputed. Apparently she is an actress who, largely governed, if not limited, by her personal instincts, has rare faculties and power of expression. Her voice is a charming instrument, rich, soft, and musical, with sufficient volume, but no abnormal amount of power or resonance; her eyes, large and dark and deep, often partly veiled, as in Orientals, by the drooping lids, lighten finely, in her moments of excitement, and become wonderfully expressive and attractive. Her great height, her graceful, sinuous figure, and her long arms make her poses singularly picturesque and her gestures uncommonly eloquent and striking. Few women upon the stage, even among those most liberally dowered with beauty, are so uniformly picturesque and decorative in movement as she. In many ways she suggests strong individuality, and it is probable that in all her impersonations there will be a certain sameness, but she has moments of genuine inspiration, and then she reaches a very high level. In brilliancy, finesse, and thorough grasp and maintenance of the assumed character, her Magda is not the equal of Modjeska's, but it need fear comparison with that of no other

English-speaking actress. But the portrayal of the fundamental woman was very strong, moving, and true.

Mrs. Campbell's best work, undoubtedly, was done in her scenes with her old lover and betrayer, the hypocritical Keller. Particularly fine were the mocking and contemptuous scorn with which she treated his advances, and the final burst of ungovernable hatred and fury, which for an instant revived strange memories of the Kate Bateman of thirty years ago, with which she drove him from the door. This was a splendid bit of work, and won a tribute of especially fervent applause. There were innumerable fine and tender touches, too, in the scenes with her sister and her father, and she made the last fatal interview very thrilling by her terror and despair; her final attitude, as she sank upon her knees, utterly crushed and broken, being as expressive as anything could be of complete wretchedness. Altogether it was a performance of the first class, although marred by aggravating elocutionary defects and a certain lack of variety. Doubtless she was handicapped, to a certain extent, by unfavorable conditions. The actors who played the Pastor and von Keller were both miscast, and the performance and the play suffered much by their weakness. Her success, before a new and critical audience, in these conditions, was therefore all the more noteworthy.



## "The Benefactress" from a Personal Point of View

By ELIZABETH VON HEYKING

YESTERDAY afternoon I began reading Elizabeth's newest book, and it was midnight when I shut it on its last page and turned off the electric light. In the dark world outside I heard the rain falling and the wind rustling in the tall eucalyptus tree of my Mexican garden. It sounded like autumn in Germany, like the wind sweeping over the Baltic Sea and sighing in the pine woods on the Pomeranian coast—home sounds they were, of the far-off land whose nature and scenery Elizabeth the Stranger describes so well. But what attracted me in her latest book, so that I read it without stopping from beginning to end, is not that it deals with the Fatherland,—for in truth it is treated therein with even more than her usual quick perception of weak and ludicrous points, and when I am away from Germany I get very tender and sensitive on the subject of the Fatherland,—what attracted me are those traits which we find everywhere, which are human nature all the world over, whether our lot be cast among Teutons, Anglo-Saxons, or Latins.

How well she describes the hour when it begins to dawn upon us that the bother of life is much greater than the pleasure which can be extracted from it, a conviction to which, thousands of years ago, men came, on whom the snowy peaks of Himalaya were looking down, cold and indifferent, and which in our age yet remains the last word of philosophy. How well she knows that all our statuesque resignation can be changed by a small share of personal good luck into buoyant joy; that there are letters, which the postman brings in as if they were like all letters, and that yet alter our whole way of looking at the world. For all we really know is only the result of personal experience, and if happiness of some kind comes to us, the world appears transformed into a fair place. And it seems so easy to be good when

happy! That great truth also Elizabeth knows and she shows it in the career of her heroine, Anna, who forms many good resolutions yet always falls back into bitterness whilst living in the galling dependence of her rich sister-in-law, but whose heart goes out full of love and sympathy towards all suffering ones as soon as a little happiness and independence are given to her by fate, in the shape of an old German uncle who leaves her his estate. The average man and woman always get on and show best in the light of good fortune. The teaching that sorrow and suffering are good for us, chastening and elevating, is daily contradicted by what we see around us; it may be true for exceptional mortals, for such that are good and generous, brave and unselfish under all circumstances. But their number is few and will not be increased, not even by all the preachings in and out of the pulpit of all the Lutheran pastors whom Anna meets in her new home.

But happiness and freedom from care may come too late for some. This experience Anna also makes, when she transforms her German country house into a home for poor genteel women, who, after all their loneliness and sadness, are to find there a sure haven of rest and loving sistership. "If you were to be absolutely happy for fifty years to come, after all you have gone through, it would only be justice," Anna says to one of her chosen ones. But arrears of happiness cannot be taken in like accumulated money interests. The faculty for contentment and gratitude dies if it never has been put to use. With the women whom Anna takes to her hearth and heart, sourness, pettiness, and malice have become lifelong habits. They might all have been happy if they only had had a chance to begin when five years old, but when they arrive at Kleinwalde it is too late, and Anna might just as well



expect a fifty-years-old cook to leave off baking cakes and play Beethoven instead. Her motives are suspected and misinterpreted by those whom she would benefit; all she gives seems little to those who cannot forgive that they are in a position to receive, and the scheming mother of a spendthrift son tries to ensnare her into a foolish marriage—in fact, she meets in Germany with the fate that all the world over awaits benefactors and particularly young, handsome, and inexperienced benefactresses.

Anna is on the verge of getting very disgusted with impoverished feminine gentility, because it will not let her better its lot, when sudden outward events change the course of her whole thoughts, and from her world of dreams she awakes to the realities of life. A neighboring country squire, Axel, who loves her and whose offer of marriage she has refused on account of her self-imposed mission of guardian-angelship to her Chosen Ones, becomes the victim of a judicial error and is arrested on the charge of having set fire to his own dilapidated farm buildings, in order to obtain the sum for which they were insured. In his peril she discovers her love for him. The last chapters describe the harsh treatment to which he is subjected in prison, the way in which he is forsaken by relatives and by people hitherto dependent on him, the satisfaction of obscure officials to have a member of the upper classes in their power, their zeal to accumulate proofs against him, so as to get preferment out of this *cause célèbre*. Those last chapters are like a nightmare, and although in the conclusion the real culprit confesses and we are free to picture to ourselves Anna devoting henceforward all her stores of love and tenderness to Axel, the impression of an awful, irretrievable wrong remains with us—that feeling of desolate helplessness which overcomes us before unjustly suffered ignominy, when all we ever believed in seems shaking, when we ask: "How could this

be allowed to happen?" when we know that it can never be repaired, because naught can be undone that once has been. The usually light-hearted and humorous Elizabeth, whom we are accustomed to hear laughing gayly at the expense of queer things and people of her adopted country, here found deep, tragic notes under which our heart-strings vibrate.

From an artistic point of view it might perhaps be called a mistake that the book so entirely changes its tune, that after gayly ironical descriptions and funny incidents and straight away from the company of more or less caricatured specimen of German mankind, we are without transition brought face to face with the greatest human anguish, with the despairing cry of innocent suffering. A clever author like Elizabeth could certainly have led Anna through less terrible paths to the knowledge that it is easier and more satisfactory to make a good man happy than to try and content three grasping, lying, intriguing old women, and her book as a book would perhaps have been better. But here, as so often, to know is to understand. From our personal experiences, from the outward events of our life much may be explained—the characteristic points and angles our nature has acquired, sometimes even our artistic mistakes. He who knows that Elizabeth has in real life made all those efforts to clear a dear one from an unjust charge which she tells us of Anna,—he who knows that does not stop to consider if the latter part of the book would not be more in keeping with its light, witty beginning if it were less tragically sombre; he reads and feels that here, composition ended, that truth alone faces us, "life as it is without dreams, with its absolute cruelty and pitilessness." He who knows reads those last pages with deep emotion and compassion and also with frank admiration for the brave woman who answers life's riddle by saying: "Courage alone matters, not happiness."

## Novels of Real Interest

OF course [says Prof. James in his magnificent chapter upon the Will] we measure ourselves by many standards. Our strength and our intelligence, our wealth and even our good luck are things which warm our heart and make us feel ourselves a match for life. But deeper than all such things and able to suffice to itself without them is the sense of the amount of effort which we can put forth . . . as if it were the substantive thing which we are and those were but the externals which we carry.

In "The Real World" \* Mr. Robert Herrick has written a story which is full of incident and action, and, without being pedantic or philosophic, is based upon and illustrates this theorem in psychology. If this seems a serious undertaking for a novel, it is one that success justifies.

Jack Pemberton is a lonely little boy in a squalid home where there is perpetual friction and squabbling. Out of his jarring surroundings he finds occasional escape. At moments, music, certain books, the aspect of nature, give him the strange sense of a world of perfect harmony. He cannot make the affirmation permanent, yet he is sure that it is the other world which is real, not this one, full of ugly facts reported by the common senses of men.

Things happen to Jack: his father's death, his schooling, his determination to take the world for his oyster, his college course, his business experiences. He has force and character and he carves a life for himself. But always he retains his apprehension of the unreality of the outer world; it is a place of shadows, of wooden dummies, where men and women grope for something genuine and do not find it. And always he feels vaguely that "to possess the ultimate vision of things he must forego the alleviations to pain proffered by his clamorous senses." To take the outer world for real is to lose the power to create that inner realm of harmony.

\* "The Real World." By Robert Herrick. Macmillan. \$1.50.

When at last the one human being who has sometimes seemed to belong among the real things shows herself weak, sensual, selfish, and later turns temptress and would persuade him to dishonor, to the lower life, to wreak himself upon the world of sense about which, for him, no beautiful illusions cling, he makes the supreme effort of which the will is capable to hold himself erect, to be free—and by that very effort there is born out of the shadows of things a world that is real, that is his own. At last he has created the universe anew for himself, since this is, forever, the World of the Will.

This is the deepest drama human nature knows; it is the Miracle Play of our existence. In casting it into fiction, Mr. Herrick has done a daring thing, but one which is so strong and so true that beside it all his other literary experiments, as well as most of the fiction of the day, seem thin and tentative.

If you wish a companion-picture to Mr. Herrick's vivifying drama of the Will Triumphant, read "Orloff and His Wife." \* Here you have the terrible fatalism of the Slav in its most hopeless and degraded form. The book is one for which the Western reader can find small justification. It is painful beyond expression. It deals with the lives of tramps, outcasts, the lowest, the most embittered members of the Russian body politic. The realism is unrelieved. There is no attempt at story-making. Gorky simply sets down a detailed account of men and women he has known in the slums, on the road, their speech, their manners, their thought. To Gorky himself it seems worth while to do this. He says,

every man who has fought with life, who has been vanquished by it, and who is suffering in the pitiless captivity of its mire, is more of a philosopher than even Schopenhauer himself, because an abstract thought never moulds itself in such an accurate and picturesque form as does the thought which is directly squeezed out of a man by suffering.

\* "Orloff and His Wife." By Maxim Gorky. Scribner. \$1.00.

As a matter of fact, the philosophy which misery wrings out of Gorky's Russian is utterly valueless, for there is no hope in it. The elements that go to make their condition miserable and keep it so are simple. They show uncontrolled passions, including a vast and frightful capacity for sheer brutal rage, and an unwillingness to work toward any end. They all have strength, but they have no desire to direct or control it. What power they have works for their own undoing as the loose piston-rod destroys the boiler or as the propeller blades, if deprived of the resistance of the water, rock the ship.

When they ponder over these things, their philosophy is that of submission to the anarchy of their natures. To arise and shake off the old Adam never occurs even to the most thoughtful. Orlóff beats and kicks his wife frightfully without cause, and when she moans, "Come, that will do," he says, "Am I to blame if I have that sort of a character?" Philip, the teacher, advises Yakoff how to beat his wife cautiously so as not to make an end of her. It must be done, "one can't get along otherwise. . . . Whom have I to thump my fists against—the wall?—when I can't endure things any longer?" Konováloff talks thus about himself:

What am I? A barefooted, naked tramp—a drunkard and a crack-brained fellow. I live and grieve. . . . What about? I don't know. It's somewhat as though my mother had brought me into the world without something which all other people possess. . . . I have no inward guide to my path. . . . I have n't the right sort of spark . . . or force, or whatever it is, in my soul. Well, some piece or other has been left out of me, and that's all there is to it. So I live along and search for that missing piece and grieve for it, but what it is is more than I know myself.

This was the cry of Fomá Gordyécef. It is the end at which all Gorky's characters arrive. No one wins to the light but Orlóff's wife. To the Western mind this overwhelming consciousness of the disorder of life and of personal helplessness before it is as untrue as it is depressing. Its antidote is the gospel

of free will. But who is to preach it to outcast Russia if not the man who has risen from the outcast's rank?

Mr. Curtin tells us that the author of "The Argonauts" \* is considered the greatest writer among women of the Slavonic race. She is certainly an acute and thoughtful observer. The vanity of wealth and power, the futility of neglect of duty, are the foundation themes of the book, and the author has constructed thereon a striking and not at all perfunctory tale. She gives us a picture of life in an unnamed Slavonic capital which shows its most up-to-date phases; the set of young exquisites who are disciples of Nietzsche and in search of "impressions from beyond the world" must necessarily be a recent development in a society which we have been accustomed to regard as primitive rather than decadent. The painstaking delineation of them and their philosophy is altogether the most interesting feature of "The Argonauts."

Here is a brilliant, distinguished, and interesting, if decidedly immature, novel.† It is one of the rare new works of current fiction which an intelligent person can read without an uneasy suspicion that he is paving the way to softening of the brain thereby. The author has given sincerely of his best throughout, and his best is worth having. He has set himself the task of drawing examples of the rising generation of educated and active young Americans in their habit as they live, and of contrasting them with the generation just preceding. The differences between the two are subtle, but actual, and are brought out with a thousand delicate strokes. Such a man as Cecil Windet is irrevocably of the past, while his son is just as surely one of the best types of the immediate future. The book is written with an amount of intellectual detachment that makes it seem cold at times, and until the end the reader is never quite sure that the

\* "The Argonauts." By Eliza Orzeszko. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Scribner. \$1.50.  
† "The New Americans." By Alfred Hodder. Macmillan. \$1.50.

author's own philosophy of the affections is adequate. As to his cleverness, there is never any shade of doubt, and his cleverness is not of the kind that consists in a mere verbal flash in the pan, but is grounded on insight and phrased with deliberation.

The chief fault of the book is that it contains some of the mistakes to which a precocious maturity would lay any writer open. The character of Isabel at twenty-two, for instance, is quite impossible; granted that at thirty-five she might know definitely what she wanted and be shameless and unscrupulous in her pursuit of it, at twenty-two the thing is incredible. There are other things in the book that impair its validity as a piece of realism, but it remains full of interest and promise.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT.

"The Last of the Knickerbockers," a comedy-romance by Mr. Herman K. Viele,\* is a distinctively clever portrayal of numerous significant social situations in the New York City of today. There are two girls, one the daughter and niece of two flat-pursed descendants of the imperious Peter; the other, the child of a magical Westerner newly come both to New York and to the estate of multi-billionairism. And these two girls are friends. Some remote but interested reader might like to know just the social possibilities that could bring them together in the first place. Perhaps some church committee? But one must not be crudely curious. Enough that when this current of ancient respectability, traditional social adequacy, albeit of present boarding-house dimensions, meets that other of palatial residence and parental *gaucherie*, there flashes a shower of bright sparks.

The pungent humor of this story plays quite as frequently among the absurdities of pride of birth as the circus proportions of uncultured riches. Indeed, the point of view is manifestly cosmopolitan. The bee-line descendants are never contemptible, nor are the *nouveau riche* ever hopelessly vulgar.

\* "The Last of the Knickerbockers." By H. K. Viele. Stone. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Varicolored bits are thrown into the author's kaleidoscope, society is the result, and the pattern is always pretty. Only a life-long lover of every square foot of land from Bowling Green to Cathedral Heights could have written this story. Its pages are a map of the social waves that flow through every ward from Bowery Lane to Murray Hill. As the frequent mention of definite localities brings to a New York reader the pleasure of instant recognition of social atmosphere, so, too, must this very mention chill an alien with the sense of his own remoteness. And yet this literary preservation of the fast disappearing tradition of certain neighborhoods is a conspicuous element in the serious value of Mr. Viele's story.

Only once is the reader's good faith imposed upon. Although the simulated death of Mr. Brisbane is obviously an improbable situation, it is so ingeniously novel in conception and beguiling in execution that one can forgive the author this little trick. Altogether, "The Last of the Knickerbockers" is a thoroughly artistic piece of comedy, refreshingly keen, urbanely jocose.

MARGARET STERLING SNYDER.

There are novels which, while they cannot lay claim to high rank among the best books of contemporary fiction, prove very absorbing reading. "The Secret Orchard"\* is one of these. The book from one end to the other is fraught with dramatic interest, except, perhaps, the one chapter where the story stops for a tableful of people to discuss the affairs of France, and again when the Canon and the Doctor become too discursive. Digressions like these, even when they explain the characters of the book to a certain extent, are only for such men as M. Anatole France to permit themselves. But even in the parts where the action flags for a moment the sense of something about to happen never leaves the reader. Throughout, the atmosphere of the story is as tense and breathless as the air before a thunder-storm.

\* "The Secret Orchard." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. Stokes. \$1.50.



It has been said that to prolong suspense without allowing the reader's attention to be diverted is the secret of making an exciting book, and this secret the Castles have mastered.

The human interest of the book is so great that it seems a little unnecessary to have dragged in so highly born a personage as a descendant of the Stuarts. Of course it gave the authors an opportunity to say pretty and effective things about the characteristics of that race, but the dragging in of historic names in so human a story gives an effect of appealing to that class of readers who are fond of accounts of "high life."

It is not to be doubted that the Castles had the stage in mind when they wrote "The Secret Orchard." So apparent is this that it robs the book of some of its artistic value. One can fairly read the stage directions between the lines. The story is divided into four "books," which might as well have been called acts, and each book ends with the conventional tableau of the well-regulated play. Nevertheless, "The Secret Orchard" is a clever and skilful piece of work. The writers of the wilderness of books that confronts one this year seem to have forgotten (or never to have learned) that an author's first duty is to amuse his readers. So it is with a certain gratitude to its creators that we lay down "The Secret Orchard" that requires so little effort to read.

M. A. VORSE.

By a rather noteworthy coincidence, two volumes of short stories\* come to hand simultaneously in which the dialect-speaking folk of Devon are sympathetically exploited by authors native and to the manner born. "The Strik-

ing Hours" of Eden Phillpotts and "Dunstable Weir" by Zack (Gwendoline Keats) have a thousand and one points of contact. Any story in either book might have been written by the author of the other, so far as the subject-matter is concerned; and in one case the parallelism extends even to the titles, which are practically identical, Mr. Phillpotts calling his tale "Right of Way," while Miss Keats calls hers "The Right o' Way," the theme in each case being the same—the privilege of passing over private ground if a corpse has passed over it. The way they treat this subject affords an excellent basis for comparison of the work of these two authors. Both are accomplished artists, and each has made effective use of a local custom that could hardly fail to appeal to native writers; yet there is a breadth and body to the man's work that is not found in the woman's. Mr. Phillpotts can provoke Homeric laughter in a story that abounds in tragic elements, without producing an effect of incongruity. Miss Keats, on the other hand, though by no means deficient in the sense of humor, is apt to strike a tragic note and stick to it. This is, of course, perfectly legitimate, and even artistic; but while one is impressed by her cleverness and admires the deftness of her touch, he feels that her talent has its well-defined limits. In reading "The Striking Hours" one is conscious all the while that the author is putting forth only a fraction of his strength,—that while his short stories leave nothing to be desired, he would be even more congenially occupied and at his ease in weaving the plot and filling in the details of a three-volume novel. Happy the shire that boasts at the same time two such masters of the art of fiction!

J. B. G.

\* "The Striking Hours," By Eden Phillpotts. Stokes. \$1.50. "Dunstable Weir," By Zack. Scribner. \$1.50.





# Mr. Lang's Side Glance at Tennyson

By A. I. du P. COLEMAN

THE conception of the series to which this book\* belongs, while not new, is an excellent one. In these days of haste and pressure, there must be many people of good general education who cannot afford the time for the exhaustive study of literary progress which it is the privilege of the professed man of letters to make. Books of this size, giving them in compact form the results of such study, are exactly what they want. But unfortunately the execution of the successive volumes is not always adequate to the conception. Mr. Saintsbury on Arnold and Mrs. Meynell on Ruskin have indeed contributed work of a substantive value; but Mr. R. Cope Cornford on Stevenson proved very disappointing, and was chiefly tolerable for assembling many delightful bits of good reading from his author. And now we fear we must say that Mr. Lang also fails to come up to our expectations. It is just because one knows how good he can be when he tries that one is perhaps unduly annoyed when he seems to fall short of his own standard. Mr. Crawford has given us a permanent type of the never-resting literary man in the miraculous Paul Griggs, who through the long night-watches covers sheet after sheet of paper with his right hand, his left all the while supporting his invalid wife. We may respect the dogged determination, the devouring industry of such a man; but as one reads of his Herculean labors, doubts will arise as to the quality of the copy which he is likely to turn out under such trying circumstances. The amount of printed matter which Mr. Lang signs in a year gives us an even more alarming conception, as of a man who must write with both his hands at once. In a word, this Tennyson book bears unmistakable signs of haste,—of having

been written in a short space of time, not to satisfy the cravings of his inner nature for expression, but to content an impatient publisher.

Of course, even Mr. Lang's hasty work is worth reading. There is a grace, a fulness, a variety of interest about everything he writes which makes us turn to it with a certainty of finding pleasure. All these qualities are present in this book, as are the special personal notes which would enable one to identify the author were his name not on the title-page. The composite Homer and the sacred *ti* branches of the Fijians appear with due observance to give an agreeable feeling of being at home. But there are many things less familiar and more useful. A pertinacious and convincing review of certain rash statements made by Mr. Frederic Harrison in his recent estimate of the poet is well worth reading, and there is a permanent value in the full and painstaking examination of the "Idylls," with a very satisfying vindication of the excellent Sir Thomas Malory from the strictures of the Positivist critic. For biography, Mr. Lang deliberately proposes to do no more than to epitomize the large work of the present Lord Tennyson: and the method is practically sufficient for his purpose. The critical estimates given throughout the book are all his own, and as such, while avowedly "those of a Tennysonian," are entitled to the respect due to his universally admitted attainments. The faults of haste which we began by noting—frequent repetitions, in consequence of arrangement, and the like—are by no means of a character to impair seriously the value of the book for the class to whom it appeals. The proportion of space devoted here to complaint of them is based rather upon what these attainments give us a right to expect from Mr. Lang than upon the positive injury which results from carelessness.

\* "Alfred Tennyson." By Andrew Lang. (Modern English Writers.) Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

## "Poets of the Younger Generation"\*

By EDITH M. THOMAS

NOT for many a day, in the current records of literature, has there appeared such a champion of poesy, such a

Generation." All poets living, and all poet-lovers, owe him hearty grace, at the very outset, for the genial and



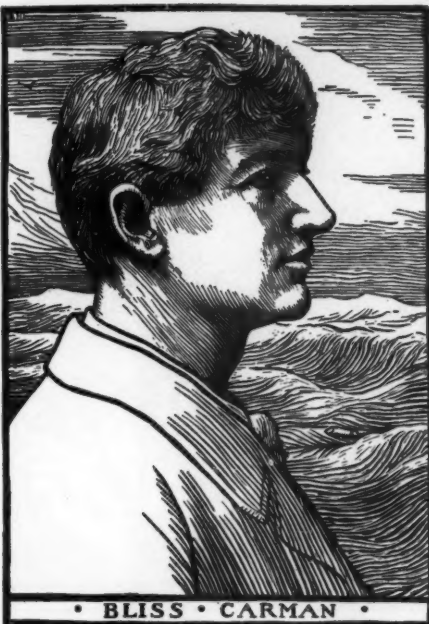
staunch friend of the Muses, as the author of "Poets of the Younger

welcoming attitude which he assumes toward contemporaneous contributions to the great treasury of English verse. To his initial declaration, "Appreciation is the end and aim of the following

\* "Poets of the Younger Generation." By William Archer. With woodcuts by Robert Bryden. John Lane. Portraits published by permission.

pages," he gives a well-deserved fillip to the cant criticism of the days for its use of the "supercilious catchword 'minor poet'"; contending, for his part, that the "surest way to check the growth of a rising talent is to affix to its possessor the sneering label of 'minor poet.'" Mr. Archer very justly, as it seems to us, claims that a poet should be judged by his best—not his poorest—work. It is in the spirit, therefore, of generous hospitality that this very able essayist assembles his Academy of Immortals (of whom, however, there are but thirty-three in number).

Mr. Archer seems well aware that he is like to run the gauntlet, on the imputation of having made invidious distinctions in this selection of names and fames. With perfectly frank good humor he admits the impeachment, but hastens to forestall sedition in camp by a judicious avowal of his own limitations on the side of temperament, as when he avers that various writers have been omitted from his Academy "for no better reason than that their work does not happen to chime with my idiosyncrasy. Intellectually, I can

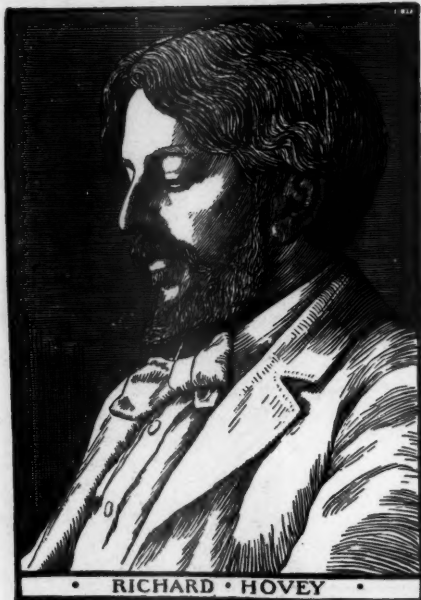


• BLISS • CARMAN •

recognize its merit; but it does not touch my emotions: it leaves me cold." We are not quite sure whether this disclaimer will strike the "judicious reader" as the more ingenuous or the more disingenuous. However this may be, we are sure that all readers, laying aside individual disagreements with his method of selection, will follow with keen interest Mr. Archer's vivisection of the elements of poesy, so subtly well executed in his Introduction, which is a masterpiece of thorough and sympathetic criticism. Following Mr. Robertson's suggestion (from whom he quotes), viz., that the "perfect scientific critic" of the future will start out with a confession of his own faith and experience, Mr. Archer leads us through some delightful Montaigne-like pages of autobiography which naturally includes the story of his own intellectual evolution and successive poetic affiliations up to the period when, as he records of himself, "it was from Wordsworth, whom I read for a college essay, that I learned the true meaning of the word poetry." Is the Wordsworthian influence, after all, the



• FRANCIS • THOMPSON •



• RICHARD • HOVEY •

predominant one — the unconsciously carried touchstone, as it were, by which Mr. Archer makes his apostolic assay of poetic quality? It is, at least, a surprising conclusion which he reaches in the following dictum: "We return to Byron occasionally, with amusement, refreshment, admiration; Wordsworth we have always with us." We shall not quarrel with Mr. Archer, even if this be true; for his warm catholicity of taste is everywhere felt in these introductory pages. For him, there are "splendid flashes of true poetry in Pope, in Goldsmith, aye, even in Johnson." He has read Cowper and Crabbe "with great pleasure," and considers that the border ballads of Scott "contain some of the purest poetic treasures of the language." Mr. Archer fears not to be accounted philistine, as by some of these lightly launched straws of self-revelation we may plainly see. With regard to Browning, he is "heretical to the point of paradox," and in the worship of Shelley he "genuflects with a difference"; and "William Morris I read with admiration and pleasure—when I have time." Emerson he finds "subtle

and searching in thought, individual, if not always harmonious, in utterance"; while for Whitman he entertains a "sincere affection, though far on this side of idolatry."

If we dally over Mr. Archer's mere Introduction, he it is who must be held responsible; since he has so crowded these pages, first with affable intimate confession of his own predilections and then with searching discrimination and wise insight as regards the nature and the making of great verse. In these unrevering times of ours, — disillusioned, and proud of disillusionment, — it will be many a day before another such evangel shall be read us as this on the supernatural, miraculous quality inherent in the highest poesy. On this theme Mr. Archer speaks as with the authority of a *vates* himself, who may not be contradicted. Some of his sentences are indeed *memorabilia*.

Poetry is actually a great force, and potentially the greatest in the world. It has the religion of the future in its hands. . . . The world will be whatever the imagination of mankind decrees that the world shall be. It is the present impotency of



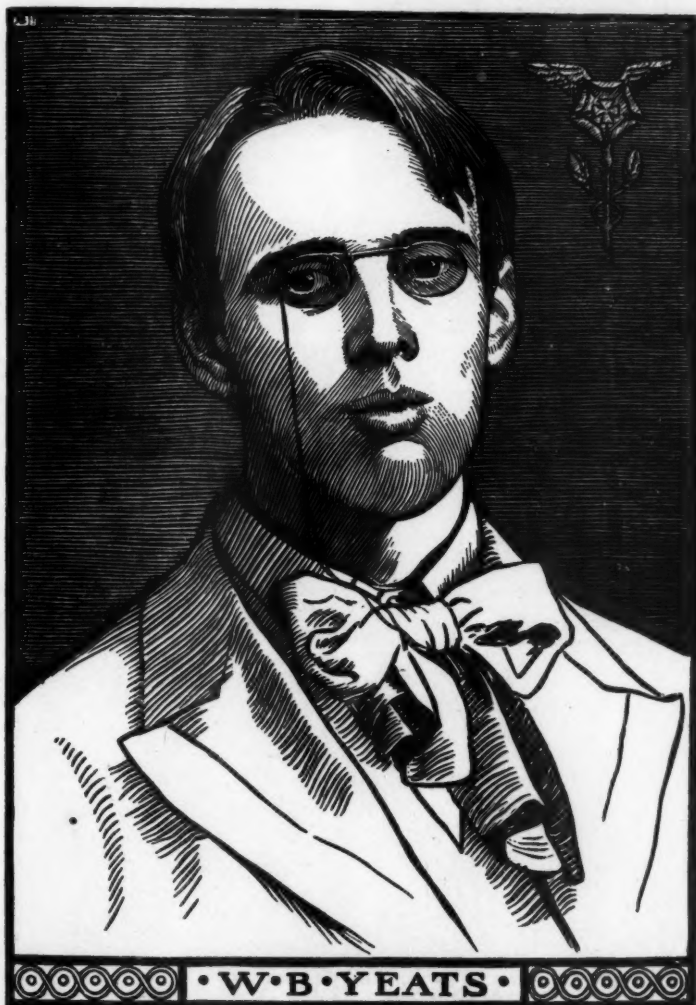
• KATHARINE • TYNAN • HINKSON •

man to imagine a peaceful and beautiful world that prevents or defers its realization.

To this he hazards that the world would be "re-created in three generations," if a poet of all-potential imagi-

which the master of the Lake School has left us, that "Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge"?

And now, regretfully leaving the



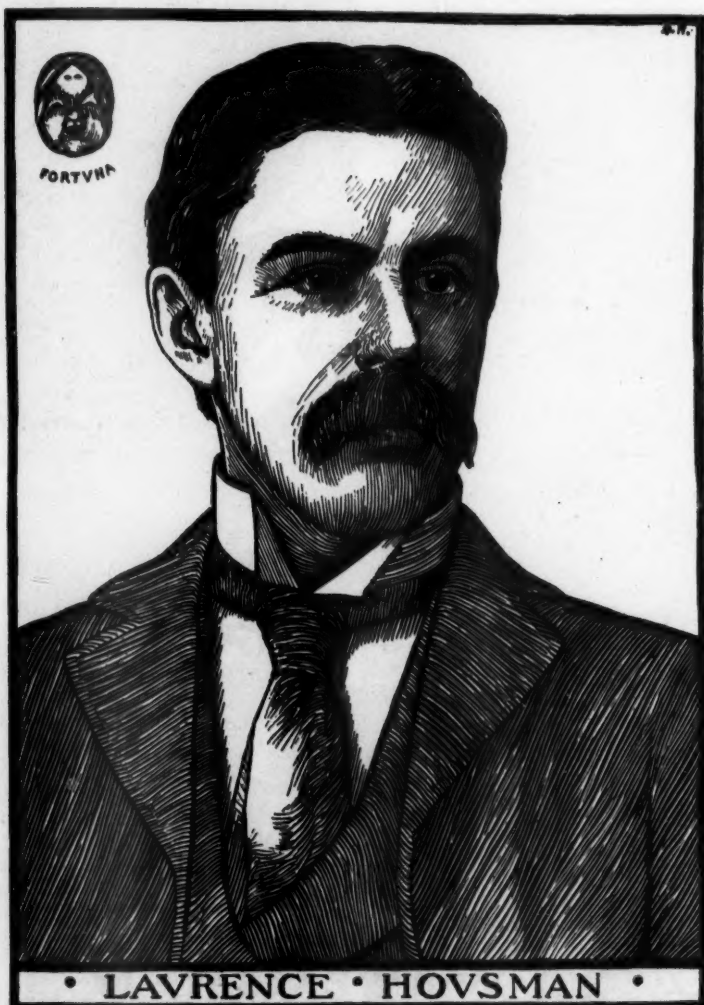
nation were to arise. Such a poet must, however, possess one requisite over the great poets of the past, *i. e.*, "he must know more than they." Does not this conclusion on the part of Mr. Archer bring us back to his Wordsworthian affiliations, and the definition

delightful *causerie* of Mr. Archer's Introduction, and with the ringing enunciation of his brave faith in poetry still haunting the inner ear, let us see how he dispenses the sweet and bitter of critical judgment among those whom he has called to his tribunal. There is



a touch of that lovable naïveté (which we find so charming throughout the Introduction) when he discovers to us the fact that he has ranged these appreciations in alphabetical order, and

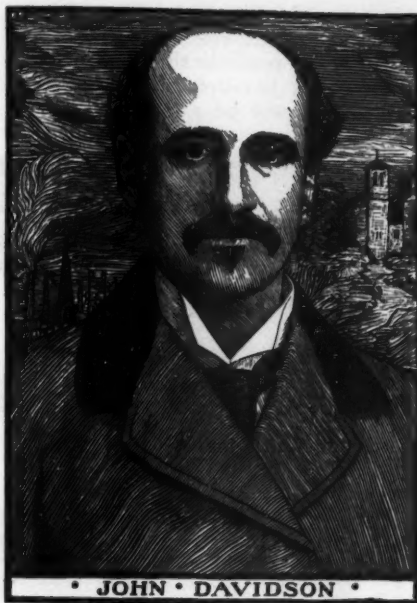
Archer declares himself to be; nor are we touched to any very profound sympathy when he hastens to assure us that "this self-denying ordinance [that of forswearing comparison] has cost



that "each writer is treated as though he or she were the only poet of the younger generation in England or America." Yet this we cannot but deem a most wise and self-safeguarding precaution,—a canny foresight worthy the "pure-bred Scotchman" Mr.

me not a little trouble." He has, indeed, done well—and safely—to "for-swear all comparison whatsoever between the poets" on his list. But Mr. Archer can scarcely expect his reader to be equally "self-denying," either in the matter of observing alpha-

betical precedence or of abstinence from the "vice of comparison." The reader, not being vowed to an impartial generosity, may, then, begin with the *optimates* in Mr. Archer's Hall of Fame. Let us turn at once to our critic's estimate of Rudyard Kipling. And here Mr. Archer shows a certain intrepidity; for at the probable time when this essay was written that small sibilant, reflowing movement back from the high-tide mark of the Kipling idolatry—a movement now grown distinct to the ear—had not as yet begun. In what Mr. Archer characterizes a "skeptical prolusion" he acknowledges that there have now and then flitted through his mind, with regard to Mr. Kipling's work, questionings such as the following: "Is it not journalism raised to its highest potency? Does this writer own due allegiance to the great tradition of the language?" His praise of the "Barrack-Room Ballads" is given without stint. "We read them with laughter and tears, the metres throb in our pulses, the cunningly-ordered words tingle with life; and if this be not poetry, what is?" And yet, Mr. Archer complains that the poet "errs on the side of copious-



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ness" and that "he is more a rhapsodist than a pure lyricist." At one time he observes of Mr. Kipling's vast verbal technicalism, that "it is half the art of literature—nay, of life itself—to know the names of things." Again, commenting on Mr. Kipling's intimate acquaintance with the mechanical details of many lives and occupations of men, he implies that our wonder at this conversance on the part of the poet argues a defect in his art. "Wonder at an artist's knowledge should always come to us as an afterthought; in Mr. Kipling's case it is apt to get between us 'and the illusion of reality.'" So declares Mr. Archer. Moreover, while exalting the realistic power with which Mr. Kipling spreads his oftentimes ensanguined canvases, Mr. Archer observes that "there are passages where one doubts whether a still greater artist might not have produced an equal effect without laying on his colors quite so raw." Perhaps the most notable instance of Mr. Archer's antithetic treatment is reached in this observation: "Where his verse attains real grandeur, it comes mainly from his study of the Bible; and even then he

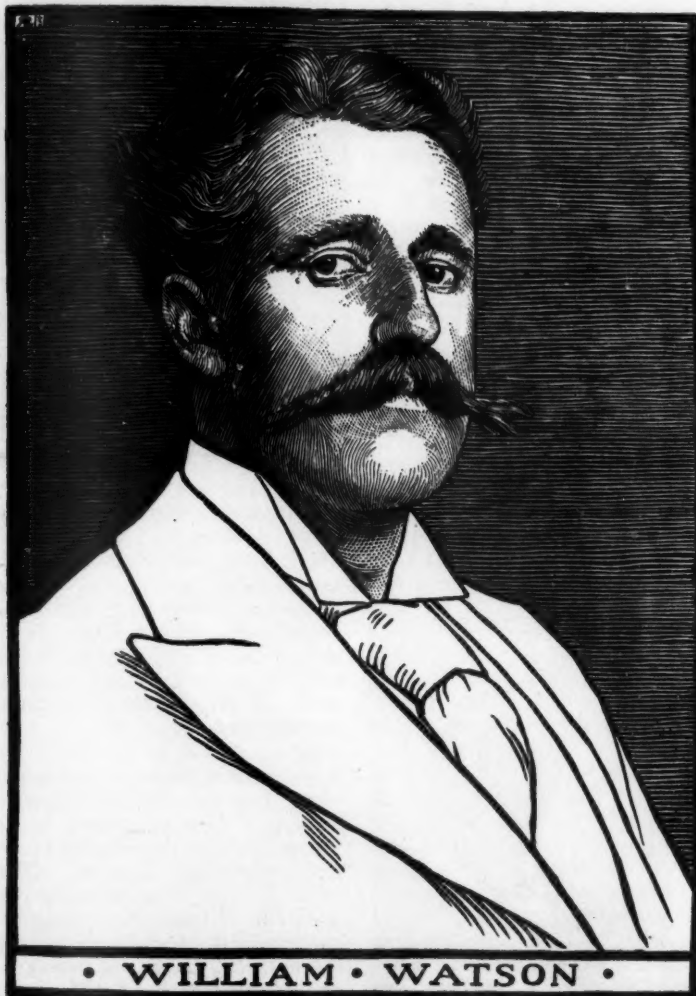


• DORA • SIGERSON • SHORTER •

seems to give us Isaiah to a banjo accompaniment."

It is quite possible that neither the admirers nor the beraters of Mr. Kipling's muse will be satisfied with Mr.

which he, seemingly, sets about to counteract. In Mr. Le Gallienne's earliest verse, even, he finds a "heart of promise," and of this graceful writer's critical prose he declares that, at



Archer's estimate, which, nevertheless, tempers praise with censure very fairly, in our judgment.

It has been somewhat the fashion of the critical brotherhood to disparage the work of Richard Le Gallienne—a fact of which Mr. Archer is aware, and

its best, it is itself a "form of poetry." In the essay on Stephen Phillips there is a long and searching inquiry into the rationale of the poet's metrical eccentricities,—a consideration which the charmed reader of Mr. Phillips's splendid poetry would be more than ready

to pass over, if Mr. Archer would allow! The latter frankly admits that the prosodial difficulties which he encountered in the "Christ in Hades," made a very enduring impression upon his mind. He as frankly acknowledges himself mistaken in his early impression that Mr. Phillips's genius was lacking on the dramatic side. With Mr. Phillips's two plays under analysis, he reads us a most clever lecture on the character of Mr. Phillips's dramatic gifts. "He is a totally new phenomenon in English drama of the past two centuries—at once an inventor of situations, and a master of language." Again, in Mr. Phillips's happy combination of the dramatic with the scenic, he is reminded "of the elder Dumas speaking with the voice of Marlowe." Of Mr. Francis Thompson, our critic declares that "he was born into the sect of the Sun Worshipers, and holds what he justly deems his Priesthood of Apollo by hereditary right." (This, *apropos* of Mr. Thompson's many invocations to the solar majesty, in dithyrambs of tumultuous diction and crowded imagery.) William Watson, in due course, furnishes the text of a very interesting study of the evolution of a poet dominated by the Wordsworthian influence, but by degrees subordinating this influence, and coming to his own,—the artist of the "exquisitely graven cameo"—and a "landmark of sense and style in an age too apt to go astray in labyrinths of eccentricity, obscurity, and excess." Lacking space to review singly each study among the thirty-three composing Mr. Archer's "Poets," we can only say that his characterizations are for the most part distinguished by a fine sympathy of insight and an exact verbal embodiment of his thought. Some exceptions, some lapses, may remain, for a critic of critics to point out—as, when the spirit informing Mr. Davidson's poetry is characterized as "*elec-*

*trically fuliginous* rather than radiant and serene." Here one may well italicize—for what can *electricity* have to do with *fuliginosity*? Also, we might mischievously question whether some of the encomiums meted out to the ladies of Mr. Archer's Parnassus do not savor of journalistic perfunctoriness. For instance: "Mrs. Hinkson is a born poetess, if ever there was one"; and as to Mrs. Radford's work, Mr. Archer assures us: "Never was there poetry with less of the 'big bow-wow' style about it."

By his own candid and disarming notification that he has selected as pleased him best, we are precluded from questioning why some half-dozen American poets are here represented and some other half-dozen omitted. But it is within our province to inquire whether, as regards those admitted, the same critical penetration and clarity of judgment are exercised as in most of Mr. Archer's other sketches. Will it not be a novelty to our trans-Atlantic readers to learn that Mr. Hovey was a "poet of aggressive virility," the predestined "wearer of Whitman's mantle?" As to the imputed "mysticism" of Mr. Bliss Carman's muse we doubt if that gentleman's warmest disciples would greatly insist upon this point. When, however, Mr. Archer adduces as an instance of the poet's "eerie strength" lines containing such Hudi-brastic imagery as

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,

we may question Mr. Archer's own "mode of visioning" and raise a doubt as to the entire infallibility of his *tactus eruditus* where the final delicacies of poesy are concerned. But when all has been said, Mr. Archer has produced a work abounding in usually skilful analysis and apt illustrative instances, and of vital interest both to poets and the laity.



# The Late Mrs. Arthur Bronson

By HENRY JAMES

[The following was written by Mr. James apropos of Mrs. Bronson's "Reminiscences of Browning," in the *Century* and *Cornhill* magazines.]

I HAVE read the pages of cordial and faithful reminiscence, in which a frank, predominant presence seems to live again, with an interest inevitably somewhat sad—so past and gone to-day is so much of the life suggested. Those who fortunately knew Mrs. Bronson will read into her notes still more of it—more of her subject, more of herself too, and of many things—than she gives, and some may well even feel tempted to do for her what she has done here for her distinguished friend. In Venice, during a long period, for many pilgrims, Mrs. Arthur Bronson, originally of New York, was, so far as "society," hospitality, a charming personal welcome were concerned, almost in sole possession; she had become there, with time, quite the prime representative of those private amenities which the Anglo-Saxon abroad is apt to miss just in proportion as the place visited is publicly wonderful, and in which he therefore finds a value twice as great as at home. Mrs. Bronson really earned in this way the gratitude of mingled generations and races. She sat for twenty years at the wide mouth, as it were, of the Grand Canal, holding out her hand, with endless good-nature, patience, charity, to all decently accredited petitioners, the incessant troop of those either bewilderedly making or fondly renewing acquaintances with the dazzling city.

Casa Alvisi is directly opposite the high, broad-based, florid church of S. Maria della Salute—so directly that from the balcony over the water-entrance your eye, crossing the canal, seems to find the latch of the great door perfectly in a line with it; and there was something in this position that, for the time, made all Venice-lovers think of the genial *padrona* as thus levying in the most convenient way the toll of curiosity and sympathy. Everyone

passed, everyone was seen to pass, and few were those not seen to stop and to return. The most generous of hostesses died two years since at Florence; her house knows her no more—it had ceased to do so for some time before her death; and the long, pleased procession—the charmed arrivals, the happy sojourns at anchor, the reluctant departures that made Ca' Alvisi, as was currently said, a social *porto di mare*—is, for remembrance and regret, already a procession of ghosts; so that on the spot at present the attention ruefully averts itself from the dear little old faded, but once familiarly bright façade, overtaken at last by the comparatively vulgar uses that are doing their best to "paint out," in Venice, right and left, by staring signs and other vulgarities, the immemorial note of distinction. The house, in a city of palaces, was small, but the tenant clung to her perfect, her expressive position—the one right place that gave her a better command, as it were, than a better house obtained by a harder compromise; not being fond, moreover, of spacious halls and massive treasures, but of compact and familiar rooms, in which her remarkable accumulation of minute and delicate Venetian objects could show. She adored—in the way of the Venetian, to which all her taste addressed itself—the small, the domestic, and the exquisite; so that she would have given a Tintoretto or two, I think, without difficulty, for a cabinet of tiny gilded glasses or a dinner-service of the right old silver.

The general receptacle of these multiplied treasures played at any rate, through the years, the part of a friendly private box at the constant operatic show, a box at the best point of the best tier, with the cushioned ledge of its front raking the whole scene and with its withdrawing-rooms behind for more detached conversation; for easy—when not indeed slightly



difficult — polyglot talk, artful *bibite*, artful cigarettes too, straight from the hand of the hostess, who could do all that belonged to a hostess, place people in relation and keep them so, take up and put down the topic, cause delicate tobacco and little gilded glasses to circulate, without ever leaving her sofa-cushions or intermitting her good-nature. She exercised in these conditions, with never a block, as we say in London, in the traffic — with never an admission, an acceptance of the least social complication, her positive genius for easy interest, easy sympathy, easy friendship. It was as if, at last, she had taken the human race at large, quite irrespective of geography, for her neighbors, with neighborly relations as a matter of course. These things, on her part, had at all events the greater appearance of ease from their having found to their purpose — and as if the very air of Venice produced them — a cluster of forms so light and immediate, so pre-established by picturesque custom. The old bright tradition, the wonderful Venetian legend, had appealed to her from the first, closing round her house and her well-plashed water-steps, where the waiting gondolas were thick; quite as if, actually, the ghost of the defunct Carnival — since I have spoken of ghosts — still played some haunting part.

Let me add, at the same time, that Mrs. Bronson's social facility, which was really her great refuge from importunity, a defence with serious thought and serious feeling quietly cherished behind it, had its discriminations as well as its inveteracies, and that the most marked of all these perhaps was her attachment to Robert Browning. Nothing in all her beneficent life had probably made her happier than to have found herself able to minister, each year, with the returning autumn, to his pleasure and comfort. Attached to Ca' Alvisi, on the land side, is a somewhat melancholy old section of a Giustiniani palace, which she had annexed to her own premises mainly for the purpose of placing it, in comfortable guise, at the service

of her friends. She liked, as she professed, when they were the real thing, to have them under her hand; and here succeeded each other, through the years, the company of the privileged and the more closely domesticated, who liked, harmlessly, to distinguish between themselves and outsiders. Among visitors partaking of this pleasant provision Mr. Browning was of course easily first. The point was, meanwhile, that if her charity was great even for the outsider, this was by reason of the inner essence of it — her perfect tenderness for Venice, which she always recognized as a link. That was the true principle of fusion, the key to communication. She communicated in proportion — little or much, measuring it as she felt people more responsive or less so; and she expressed herself — in other words, her full affection for the place — only to those who had most of the same sentiment. The rich and interesting form in which she found it in Browning may well be imagined — together with the quite independent quantity of the genial at large that she also found; but I am not sure that his favor was not primarily based on his paid tribute of such things as "Two in a Gondola" and "A Toccata of Galuppi." He had more ineffaceably than anyone recorded his initiation from of old.

She was thus, all round, supremely faithful; yet it was perhaps after all with the very small folk, those to the manner born, that she made the easiest terms. She loved — she had at any rate greatly begun by it — the engaging Venetian people, whose virtues she found touching and their infirmities but such as appeal mainly to the sense of humor and the love of anecdote; and she befriended and admired, she studied and spoiled them. There must have been a multitude of whom it would scarce be too much to say that her long residence among them was their settled golden age. When I consider that they have lost her now I fairly wonder to what shifts they have been put and how long they may not have to wait for such another messenger of providence. She cultivated their

dialect, she renewed their boats, she piously relighted—at the top of the tide-washed *pali* of traghetto or lagoon—the neglected lamp of the tutelary Madonetta; she took cognizance of the wives, the children, the accidents, the troubles, as to which she became, perceptibly, the most prompt, the established remedy. On lines where the amusement was rather less unfairly for others she composed in dialect many short comedies, dramatic proverbs, which, with one of her drawing-rooms permanently arranged as a charming commensurate theatre, she caused to be performed by the young persons of her circle—often, when the case lent itself, by the wonderful small offspring of humbler friends, children of the Venetian lower class, whose aptitude, teachability, drollery, were her constant delight. It was certainly true that an impression of Venice as humanly sweet might easily find itself on the frankness and quickness and amiability of these little people. They were at least so much to the good; for the philosophy of their patroness was as Venetian as everything else; helping her to accept experience without bitterness and to remain fresh, even in the fatigue which finally overtook her, for pleasant surprises and proved sincerities. She was herself sincere to the last for the place of her predilection; inasmuch as though she had arranged herself, in the later time—and largely for the love of "Pippa Passes"—an alternative refuge at Asolo, she absented herself from Venice with continuity only under coercion of illness.

At Asolo, periodically, the link with Browning was more confirmed than weakened, and there, in old Venetian territory, and with the invasion of visitors comparatively checked, her

preferentially small house became again a setting for the pleasure of talk and the sense of Italy. It contained again its own small treasures, all in the pleasant key of the homelier Venetian spirit. The plain, beneath it, stretched away like a purple sea from the lower cliffs of the hills, and the white *campanili* of the villages, as one was perpetually saying, showed on the expanse like scattered sails of ships. The rumbling carriage, the old-time, rattling, red-velveted carriage of provincial, rural Italy, delightful and quaint, did the office of the gondola; to Bassano, to Treviso, to high-walled Castelfranco, all pink and gold, the home of the great Giorgione. Here also memories cluster; but it is in Venice again that her vanished presence is most felt, for there, in the real, or certainly the finer, the more sifted Cosmopolis, it falls into its place among the others evoked, those of the past seekers of poetry and dispensers of romance. It is a fact that almost everyone interesting, appealing, melancholy, memorable, odd, seems at one time or another, after many days and much life, to have gravitated to Venice by a happy instinct, settling in it and treating it, cherishing it, as a sort of repository of consolations: all of which, to-day, for the conscious mind, is mixed with its air and constitutes its unwritten history. The deposed, the defeated, the disenchanted, the wounded, or even only the bored, have seemed to find there something that no other place could give. But such people came for themselves, as we seem to see them—only with the egotism of their grievances and the vanity of their hopes. Mrs. Bronson's case was beautifully different—she had come altogether for others.





## Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA: Anticipations are in the air, and what better time to indulge in them than at the beginning of a New Year? Mr. Wells's book has set the fashion; we are all speculating in futures; devil a one of us but is a prophet. The old advice against prophesying before the event no longer deters anybody, and, like Habakkuk, who was also in the seeing line, we are *capable de tout*. From the light-hearted way in which Mr. Wells has set about his task of re-creating this nation and country, one would think that the game of vaticination was no more serious a thing than Ping Pong. By the way, do you play Ping Pong? There has just been a tournament at the Queen's Hall (in the absence of Busoni and Ysaye) and prizes were given and enthusiasm was kindled just as if it were a Tennis Tournament. What a people we are! Nothing damps our athletic and frivolous ardors. The same year that saw the South African holocaust has seen the rise of Ping Pong. The Germans do not play Ping Pong, but I believe that they make the materials; which is a parable.

In connection with this subject there come some reflections concerning England's future, which bring me back to anticipations again. The *Daily News* (that pathetic attempt to keep true to the impossible side of a national question) has been asking certain prominent men to say something about England's awakening. Mr. Harmsworth, who holds a great engine for reform in his own hand, but does not always direct it toward that goal, sees a cause of weakness in our reluctance to travel except for the purposes of gambling, sunning ourselves, tobogganing, or exterminat-

ing big game. The energy expended in projecting a bullet into the vital district of a rhinoceros's body might give us another week or two of Empiry. Mr. Harmsworth does not exactly say this, but I think it is his meaning.

What he wants us to do is to travel for mental profit: to visit America and watch its developments, to visit Germany and study its systems; just as Americans and Germans visit us. But there are no Casinos in America to compare with those on the Continent, nor does the lion lurk in its jungles. Mr. Kenrick Murray, of the London Chamber of Commerce, strikes deeper at the roots of the matter. We must educate better, he says. This certainly comes first. If only we could get individual thought into the people, and if that thought would breed a little self-sacrifice. Our pleasures are blocking the way. We are a nation of cricketers, governed by a Cabinet of golf-players, as Mr. Bernard Shaw recently said. Or is it a nation of Ping-Pongers?

To turn to less gloomy anticipations, this year is to be notable for the Coronation, if nothing else. Edward VII.'s head will begin to lie uneasy on the 26th June, if Bacon's remark on the subject be true. London, it is conjectured, is to be filled with Americans at that date—the homage paid by Republicans to Monarchy; Piccadilly will be widened in the wrong place; the Abbey will be closed from April 1st; and the fountains in Trafalgar Square will run with Australian Burgundy, as a compliment to the Colonies. The new stamps with the King's head thereon begin at once; but we have to wait for the Coronation for the new coinage.

The year nineteen hundred and two is probably destined to stand out in history as the real beginning of aerial navigation. It was 1901 that saw M. Santos-Dumont's triumph, but it is this year which is likely to bring aerocars within reach of more ordinary persons. Mr. Wells's picture, in his novel of anticipations, "The Sleeper Wakes," of the arrival of a huge aerophane from Paris, may be within easy distance of realization. Mr. Dan Leno, in the Drury Lane pantomime, advises Mr. Herbert Campbell (as a practically beardless Bluebeard) to take the 4.30 camel to Egypt. The 4.30 aerophane will soon be the thing. Another 1902 improvement may be special tracks for motor cars. I look forward to a comparatively adjacent day when to buy a railway ticket for anywhere will be the most unusual of occurrences. As it is, one can travel in a very ordinary motor car from Piccadilly to Sevenoaks in almost less time than a South-Eastern train would convey one from Charing Cross to London Bridge on the way thither. Possibly 1902 may see improvements in railways too, but this seems an extravagant hope.

The discoveries of Signor Marconi fill me with less pleasure. It will be a long time before I consent to entrust my private telegrams to the whole forces of the universe. To commit them to the safe carriage of a single wire is all right; but to turn them loose on the atmosphere is a thought too confiding. I dislike also to think of our planet as merely a huge electrical storage station. Is nothing free from this pervading force? Lord Salisbury seems to be, certainly; but is aught else?

America, being always interested in literary byways, has revived the rather immaterial question, "Did Bacon write Shakespeare?" As if it mattered! Can they prove Bacon to have been an American? Perhaps that is to be the next move. Every development of this thesis adds to Bacon's burdens. He was once held merely to have dashed off Shakespeare's plays in the interval of other work. But now he is credited also with Burton's "Anatomy"

and Spenser's poems, and the works of Marlowe and Peele. Considering that he wrote also such trifles as the "No-vum Organum" and his "Essays," and did a considerable amount of work as Lord Chancellor, and managed to line his pockets, too, his nights and days must have been fairly laborious. The oddest thing is, that in casting about among his varied output for something to put his own name to, he should have chosen such comparatively uninteresting matter as his confessed works, in preference to "King Lear" or the "Faery Queene." He found time, also, it seems, according to the American discoverers, to be Queen Elizabeth's son. The only useful object to be served by all this folly is a good advertisement for Sir Thomas Lipton, who should place a brand of Shakespeare's Bacon on the market, or Messrs. Pears, who might approach German consumers of their soap with cakes of Biliteral Seife. Meanwhile, an ingenious correspondent of the *Daily News* has found a cipher in Dickens. Thus:

Mr. Forster informs us in his life of the great novelist that in Mr. Micawber we see his father portrayed.

We have, then, Dickens drawing a mental sketch of his parent and writing (mentally) under it

My Father.

But this must be disguised, so he proceeds as follows: He leaves the first and last consonants and all the vowels, and gets

M y . a . . e r

Then he replaces the f by the third preceding letter c, the t by the third succeeding letter w, and the h by the sixth preceding letter b, and gets

M y c a w b e r.

But it is necessary to disguise the y, so he changes it to i, and finally gets

M i c a w b e r.

There is no end to this kind of thing. Mr. W. H. Mallock, who once wrote "The New Republic" and now believes in Mrs. Gallup, should take note.

Among the few new books just published is Sir M. E. Grant Duff's "Victorian Anthology." Abandoning anecdotal for a while, Sir Mountstuart has been collecting poems of Victorian poets; but they do not make



a very exhilarating show — nothing compared with the Elizabethan. We are better at verse than poetry just now. Another new book is the third instalment of Edward Fitzgerald's Letters, which have the flavor of old sherry. One of them, especially characteristic, tells how he discovered, many years afterwards, hidden away in a book, the slip of paper containing the name of a ship which had hailed him at sea in his lugger, asking him to report her as soon as he landed. He forgot everything about it for fourteen years. That was exactly like the man. Few of us have such gifts of procrastination. To put off till to-morrow what might otherwise be done to-day is certainly one secret of life. Small men never possess it.

New books being so few immediately after Christmas, it may be well to look at some of the old ones of 1901. It is generally agreed that "Kim" is the novel of the year. Lucas Malet's "Sir Richard Calmady" runs it close, but stories about deformed baronets are with many persons an acquired taste. Another clever book that many persons find it difficult to read is "The House with the Green Shutters," a Balzacian study of a villageful of sordid Scots, the first effort of its author. Another first book is "The Column," an exercise in Meredithese beyond common

consumption. Mr. Anthony Hope's "Tristram of Blent" and Mr. Jacob's "Light Freights" had many admirers. Criticism in book form has not been largely produced, Mr. Herbert Paul's "Men and Letters" standing first. Another of the *Daily News* young men, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, is being followed in that paper and elsewhere with much eagerness. "The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen" seems to have been first favorite among biographies, and Mr. Lang's "Mystery of Marie Stuart" among histories. Other striking books were Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Three Plays for Puritans," Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Poems of the Past and of the Present," and Mr. Wells's "Anticipations," and two magnificent and readable volumes on Sicily by Douglas Sladen.

The year also gave (very fortunately) the death-blow to the fashion for love-letters; it produced an interesting criticism, from a new standpoint, of Robert Louis Stevenson, by his friend Mr. Henley; and "The Dictionary of National Biography" was completed, at any rate for some time to come. What of 1902? Well, we shall see. Meanwhile, I wish you a happy twelvemonth of it, and remain,

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, January, 1902.







## Typhoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Children of the Sea," "Lord Jim," Etc.

### I

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR of the steamer *Nan-Shan* had a physiognomy that, in the order of material appearances, was the exact counterpart of his mind; it presented no marked characteristics of firmness or stupidity; it had no pronounced characteristics whatever: it was simply ordinary, irresponsive, and unruffled.

The only thing his aspect might have been said to suggest, at times, was bashfulness; because he would sit, in business offices ashore, sunburnt and smiling faintly, with downcast eyes. When he raised them they were perceived to be direct in their glance and of blue color. His hair was fair and extremely fine, clasping from temple to temple the bald dome of his skull in a clasp as of fluffy silk. The hair of his face, on the contrary, carrotty and flaming, resembled a growth of copper wire clipped short to the line of the lip; while, no matter how close he shaved, fiery metallic gleams passed, when he moved his head, over the surface of his cheeks. He was rather below the medium height, a bit round-shouldered, and so sturdy of limb that his clothes always looked a shade too tight for his arms and legs. As if unable to grasp what is due to the difference of latitudes he wore a brown bowler hat, a complete suit of a brownish hue, and clumsy black boots. These harbor togs gave to his thick figure an air of stiff and uncouth smartness. A thin silver watch-chain looped his waistcoat and he never left his ship for the shore without clutching in his powerful, hairy fist an elegant umbrella of the very best quality, but generally unrolled. Young Jukes, the chief mate, attending his commander to the gangway, would sometimes venture to say with the greatest gentleness: "Allow me, sir"—and, possessing himself of the umbrella deferentially, would elevate the ferule, shake the

folds, twirl a neat furl in a jiffy, and hand it back; going through the performance with a face of such portentous gravity that Mr. Solomon Rout, the chief-engineer, smoking his morning cigar over the skylight, would turn away his head in order to hide a smile. "Oh! Aye! The blessed gamp. . . . Thank 'ee, Jukes, thank 'ee," would mutter Captain MacWhirr heartily, without looking up.

Having just enough imagination to carry him through each successive day, and no more, he was tranquilly sure of himself, and from the very same cause he was not in the least conceited. It is your imaginative superior who is touchy, overbearing, and difficult to please; but every ship Captain MacWhirr commanded was the floating abode of harmony and peace. It was, in truth, as impossible for him to take a flight of fancy as it would be for a watchmaker to put together a chronometer with nothing except a two-pound hammer and a whip-saw in the way of tools. Yet the uninteresting lives of men so entirely given to the actuality of the bare existence have their mysterious side. It was impossible in Captain MacWhirr's case, for instance, to understand what under heaven could have induced that perfectly satisfactory son of a petty grocer in Belfast to run away to sea. And yet he had done that very thing at the age of fifteen. It was enough, when you thought it over, to give you the idea of an immense, potent, and invisible hand thrust into the antheap of the earth, laying hold of shoulders, knocking heads together, and setting the unconscious faces of the multitude towards inconceivable goals and in undreamt-of directions.

His father never really forgave him for this undutiful stupidity. "We could have got on without him," he used to say later on; "but there's the business. And he an only son, too!" His mother wept very much after his

disappearance. As it had never occurred to him to leave word behind he was mourned over for dead till, after eight months, his first letter arrived from Taleahuano. It was short and contained the statement, "We had very fine weather on our passage out." But evidently, in the writer's mind, the only important intelligence was to the effect that his Captain had, on the very day of writing, entered him regularly on the ship's articles as Ordinary Seaman. "Because I can do the work," he explained. The mother again wept copiously, while the remark, "Tom's an ass," expressed the emotions of the father. He was a corpulent man, with a gift for sly chaffing, which to the end of his life he exercised in his intercourse with his son, a little pityingly, as if upon a half-witted person.

MacWhirr's visits to his home were necessarily rare and in the course of years he dispatched other letters to his parents, informing them of his successive promotions and of his movements upon the vast earth. In these missives could be found sentences like this: "The heat here is very great"; or, "On Xmas day at 4 P.M. we fell in with some icebergs." The old people became ultimately acquainted with a good many names of ships and with the names of the skippers who commanded them, with the names of Scotch and English shipowners, with the names of seas, oceans, straits, promontories; with outlandish names of lumber-ports, of rice-ports, of cotton-ports; with the names of islands; with the name of their son's young woman. She was called Lucy. It did not suggest itself to him to mention whether he thought the name pretty. And then they died.

The great day of MacWhirr's marriage came in due course, following shortly upon the great day when he got his first command. All these events had taken place many years before the morning when in the chart-room of the steamer *Nan-Shan* he stood confronted by the fall of a barometer he had no reason to distrust. The fall—taking into account the excellence of the instrument, the time of the year, and the ship's position on the terrestrial globe—was of a nature ominously prophetic, but the red face of the man betrayed no sort of inward disturbance. Omens were as nothing to him, and he was unable to discover the message of a prophecy till the fulfilment had brought it home to his very door. "That's a fall and no mistake," he thought. "There must be some uncommonly dirty weather knocking about."

## II

THE *Nan-Shan* was on her way from the southward to the treaty port of Fu-chau with some cargo in her lower holds and two hundred Chinese coolies returning to their village homes in the province of Fo-Kien, after a few years of work in various tropical colonies. The morning was fine, the oily sea heaved without a sparkle, and there was a queer white, misty patch in the sky like a halo of the sun. The foredeck, packed with Chinamen, was full of sombre clothing, yellow faces, and pigtailed, sprinkled over with a good many naked shoulders, for there was no wind, and the heat was close. The coolies lounged, talked, smoked, or stared over the rail; some, drawing water over the side, sluiced each other; a few slept on hatches, while several small parties of six sat on their heels, surrounding iron trays with plates of rice and tiny teacups: and every single Celestial of them was carrying with him all he had in the world—a wooden chest with a ringing lock and brass on the corners, containing the savings of his labor: some clothes of ceremony, sticks of incense, a little opium maybe, bits of nameless rubbish of conventional value, and a small hoard of silver dollars, toiled for in coal-lighters, won in gambling-houses or in petty trading, grubbed out of earth, sweated out in mines, on railway lines, in deadly jungle, under heavy burdens—amassed patiently, guarded with care, cherished fiercely.

A cross swell had set in from the direction of Formosa channel about ten o'clock without disturbing these passengers much, because the *Nan-Shan*, with her flat bottom, rolling chocks on bilges, and great breadth of beam, had a reputation of an exceptionally steady ship in a sea-way. Mr. Jukes, in moments of expansion on shore, would proclaim loudly that the "old girl was as good as she was pretty." It would never have occurred to Captain MacWhirr to express his favorable opinion so loud or in terms so fanciful.

She was a good ship, undoubtedly, and not old, either. She had been built in Dumbarton less than three years before to the order of a firm of merchants in Siam—Messrs. Sigg & Son. When she lay afloat, finished in every detail and ready to take up the work of her life, the builders contemplated her with pride. "Sigg has asked us for a reliable skipper to take her out," remarked one of the partners; and the other, after reflecting for a while, said: "I think MacWhirr is ashore just at present."

"Is he? Then wire him at once. He's the very man," declared the senior without a moment's hesitation.

Next morning MacWhirr stood before them unperturbed, having travelled from London by the midnight express, after a sudden but undemonstrative parting with his wife. She was the daughter of a superior couple who had seen better days.

"We had better be going together over the ship, Captain," said the senior partner; and the three men started to explore the perfections of the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern and from keelson to the trucks of her two stumpy pole-masts. Captain MacWhirr had begun by taking off his coat, which he hung on the end of a steam-windlass embodying all the latest improvements.

"My uncle wrote of you favorably by yesterday's mail to our good friends, Messrs. Sigg, you know; and doubtless they'll continue you out there in command," said the junior. "You'll be able to boast of being in charge of the handiest boat of her size on the coast of China, Captain," he added.

"Have you? Thank 'ee," mumbled vaguely MacWhirr, to whom the view of a distant eventuality could appeal no more than the beauty of a wide landscape to a purblind tourist; and his eyes happening at the moment to be at rest upon the lock of the cabin door, he walked up to it, full of purpose, and began to rattle the handle vigorously, while he observed in his low earnest voice: "You can't trust the workmen nowadays. A brand new lock, and it won't act at all. Stuck fast. See? See?"

As soon as they found themselves alone in their office across the yard: "You praised that fellow up to Sigg. What is it you see in him?" asked the nephew, with faint contempt.

"I admit he has nothing of your fancy skipper about him, if that's what you mean," said the elder man, curtly. "Is the foreman of the joiners on the *Nan-Shan* outside?—Come in, Bates. How is it that you let Tait's people put us off with a defective lock on the cabin door? The Captain could see directly he set eye on it. Have it replaced at once. The little straws, Bates; the little straws." The lock was replaced accordingly, and a few days afterwards the *Nan-Shan* steamed out to the East without MacWhirr having offered any further remark as to her fittings, or having been heard to utter a single word hinting at pride in his ship, gratitude for his appointment, or satisfaction at his prospects.

With a temperament neither loquacious nor taciturn, he found very little occasion to talk. There were matters of duty, of course,—directions, orders, and so on: but the past being to his mind done with, and the future not there yet, the more general actualities of the day required no comment, because facts can speak for themselves with overwhelming precision.

Old Mr. Sigg liked a man of few words, and one that "you could be sure would not try to improve upon his instructions." MacWhirr, satisfying these requirements, was continued in command of the *Nan-Shan*, and applied himself to the careful navigation of his ship in the China seas. She had come out on a British register, but, after some time, Messrs. Sigg judged it expedient to transfer her to the Siamese flag.

At the news of the contemplated transfer Jukes grew restless, as if under a sense of personal affront. He went about grumbling to himself and uttering short, scornful laughs. "Fancy having a ridiculous, Noah's ark elephant in the ensign of one's ship," he said once at the engine-room door. "Dash me if I can stand it. I'll throw up the billet. Don't it make *you* sick, Mr. Rout?" The chief-engineer only cleared his throat with the air of a man who knows the value of a good billet.

The first morning the new flag floated over the stern of the *Nan-Shan*, Jukes stood looking at it bitterly from the bridge. He struggled with his feelings for a while, and then remarked: "Queer flag for a man to sail under, sir."

"What's the matter with the flag?" inquired Captain MacWhirr. "Seems all right to me." And he walked across to the end of the bridge to have a good look.

"Well, it is queer to me," burst out Jukes, greatly exasperated, and flung off the bridge.

Captain MacWhirr was amazed at these manners. After a while he stepped quietly into the chart-room and opened his *International Signal Code-Book* at the place where the flags of all the nations are correctly figured in gaudy rows. He ran his finger over them, and when he came to Siam he contemplated with great attention the red field and the white elephant. Nothing could be more simple; but to make sure he brought the book out on the bridge for the purpose of comparing the colored drawing with the real thing at the flag-staff astern. When next Jukes, who was carrying on the duty that day with a sort of suppressed fierceness, happened on the bridge his commander observed:

"There's nothing amiss with that flag."

"Is n't there?" mumbled Jukes, falling on his knees before a deck-locker and jerking therefrom viciously a spare lead-line.

"No. I looked up the book. Length twice the breadth and the elephant exactly in the middle. I thought the people ashore would know how to make the local flag. Stands to reason. You were wrong, Jukes."

"Well, sir," began Jukes, getting up excitedly, "all I can say—" He fumbled for the end of the coil of line with trembling hands.

"That's all right." Captain MacWhirr soothed him, sitting heavily on a little canvas folding stool he greatly affected. "All you have to do is to take care they don't hoist the elephant upside down before they get quite used to it."

Jukes flung the new lead-line over on the fore-deck with a loud "Here you are, bo' sn. Don't forget to wet it thoroughly," and turned with immense resolution towards his commander, but Captain MacWhirr spread his elbows on the bridge-rail comfortably.

"Because it would be, I suppose, understood as a signal of distress," he went on. "What do you think? That elephant there, I take it, stands for something in the nature of the Union-Jack in the flag."

"Does it?" yelled Jukes so that every head on the *Nan-Shan's* decks looked towards the bridge. Then he sighed, and with sudden resignation, "It would certainly be a damn distressful sight," he said, meekly.

Later in the day he accosted the chief-engineer with a confidential, "Here! Let me tell you the old man's latest."

Mr. Solomon Rout (frequently alluded to as Long Sol, Old Sol, or Father Rout), from finding himself almost invariably the tallest man on board every ship he joined, had acquired the habit of a stooping, leisurely condescension. His hair was scant and sandy, his flat cheeks were pale, his bony wrists and long scholarly hands were pale, too, as though he had lived all his life in the shade.

He smiled from on high at Jukes and went on smoking and glancing about quietly, in the manner of a kind uncle lending an ear to the tale of an excited schoolboy. Then, greatly amused but impassive, he asked:

"And did you throw up the billet?"

"No," cried Jukes, in a weary, discouraged voice, above the harsh buzz of the *Nan-Shan's* friction winches. All of them were hard at work, snatching slings of cargo, high up, to

the end of long derricks, only, as it seemed, to let them rip down, recklessly, by the run. The cargo chains groaned in the gins, clinked on coamings, rattled over the side; and the whole ship quivered, with her long gray flanks smoking in wreaths of steam. "No," cried Jukes; "I did n't. What's the good? I might just as well fling my resignation at this bulkhead. I don't believe you can make a man like that understand anything. He simply knocks me over."

At that moment, Captain MacWhirr, back from the shore, crossed the deck, umbrella in hand, escorted by a mournful, self-possessed Chinaman, walking behind in paper-soled silk shoes, and who also carried an umbrella.

The master of the *Nan-Shan*, speaking just audibly and gazing at his boots as his manner was, remarked that it would be necessary to call at Fu-chau this trip, and desired Mr. Rout to have steam up to-morrow afternoon at one o'clock sharp. He pushed back his hat to wipe his forehead, observing at the same time that he hated going ashore, anyhow; while overtopping him, Mr. Rout, without deigning a word, smoked austere, nursing his right elbow in the palm of his left hand. Then Jukes was directed in the same subdued voice to keep the forward 'tween-deck clear of cargo. Two hundred coolies were going to be put down there. The Bun Hin Company were sending that lot home. Twenty-five bags of rice would be coming off in a sampan directly for stores. All seven-years' men they were, said Captain MacWhirr, with a chest to every man. The carpenter should be set to work nailing three-inch battens along the deck below, fore and aft, to keep these boxes from shifting in a sea-way. Jukes had better look to it at once. "D' ye hear, Jukes?" This Chinaman here was coming with the ship as far as Fu-chau—a sort of interpreter he would be. Bun Hin's clerk he was, and wanted to have a look at the space. Jukes had better take him forward. "D' ye hear, Jukes?"

Jukes took good care to punctuate these instructions in proper places with the obligatory "Yes, sir," ejaculated without enthusiasm. His brusque "Come along, John. Make look see," set the Chinaman in motion at his heels.

"Wanchee look see, all same look see can do," said Jukes, who, having no talent for foreign languages, mangled the very pidgin-English cruelly. He pointed at the open hatch. "Catchee number one piecie place to sleep in. Eh?"

He was gruff, as became his racial superior-



ity, but not unfriendly. The Chinaman, gazing sad and speechless into the darkness of the hatchway, seemed to stand at the head of a yawning grave.

"No catchee rain down there—savee?" pointed out Jukes. "Suppose allee same fine weather, one piecie coolie-man come topside," he pursued, warming up imaginatively. "Make so—phooool!" He expanded his chest and blew out his cheeks. "Savee, John? Breathe—fresh air. Good. Eh? Washee him piecie pants, chow-chow topside see, John?"

With his mouth and hands he made exuberant motions of eating rice and washing clothes, and the Chinaman, who concealed his distrust of this pantomime under a collected demeanor, tinged by a gentle and refined melancholy, glanced out of his almond eyes from Jukes to the hatch and back again. "Velly good," he murmured, in a disconsolate undertone and hastened smoothly along the decks, dodging obstacles in his course: he disappeared, ducking low under a sling of ten dirty gunny-bags full of some costly merchandise and exhaling a repulsive smell.

### III

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR meantime had gone on the bridge and into the chart-room, where a letter, commenced two days before, awaited termination. These long letters began with the words, "My darling wife," and the steward, between the scrubbing of the floors and the dusting of chronometer-boxes, snatched at every opportunity to read them. They interested him much more than they possibly could the woman for whose eye they were intended; and for this reason, that they related in minute detail each successive trip of the *Nan-Shan*.

Her master, faithful to facts, which alone his consciousness reflected, would set them down with painstaking care upon many pages. The house, in a Northern suburb, to which these pages were addressed, had a bit of garden before the bow-windows, a deep porch of good appearance, colored glass with imitation lead frame in the front door. He paid five-and-forty pounds a year for it, and did not think the rent too high, because Mrs. MacWhirr, a pretentious person with a scraggy neck and a disdainful manner, was admittedly ladylike, and in the neighborhood considered as "quite superior." The only secret of her life was her abject terror of the time when her husband

would come home to stay for good. Under the same roof there dwelt also a daughter called Lydia, and a son, Tom. These two were but slightly acquainted with their father. Mainly, they knew him as a rare but privileged visitor, who of an evening smoked his pipe in the dining-room and slept in the house. The lanky girl, upon the whole, was rather ashamed of him; the boy was frankly and utterly indifferent, in a straightforward, delightful, unaffected way manly boys have.

And Captain MacWhirr wrote home from the coast of China twelve times every year, desiring queerly to be "remembered to the children," and subscribing himself "your loving husband," as calmly as if the words so long used by so many men were, apart from their shape, worn out things and of a faded meaning.

The China Seas, North and South, are narrow seas. They are seas full of everyday, eloquent facts, such as islands, sandbanks, reefs, swift and changeable currents—tangled facts that nevertheless speak to a seaman in clear and definite language. Their speech appealed to Captain MacWhirr's sense of realities so forcibly that he had given up his state-room below and practically lived all his days on the bridge of his ship, often having his meals sent up, and sleeping at night in the chart-room. And he indited there his home letters. Each of them, without exception, contained the phrase, "the weather has been very fine this trip," or some other form of a statement to that effect. And this statement, too, in its wonderful persistence, was of the same perfect accuracy as all the others they contained.

Mr. Rout likewise wrote letters, only no one on board knew how chatty he could be, pen in hand, because the chief-engineer had enough imagination to keep his desk locked. His wife relished his style greatly. They were a childless couple, and Mrs. Rout a big, high-bosomed, jolly woman of forty, shared with Mr. Rout's toothless and venerable mother a little cottage near Teddington. She would run over her correspondence at breakfast with lively eyes, and scream out interesting passages in a joyous voice at the deaf old lady, prefacing each extract by the warning shout: "Solomon says!" She had the trick of firing off Solomon's utterances also upon strangers, astonishing them easily by the unfamiliar text and the unexpectedly jocular vein of these quotations. On the day the new curate called for the first time at the cottage she found occasion to remark, "as Solomon says, the engineers



that go down to the sea in ships behold the wonders of sailor nature"; when a change in the visitor's countenance made her stop and stare.

"Solomon! Oh!—Mrs. Rout!" stuttered the young man, startled, shocked, and red in the face. "I must say—I don't—"

"He's my husband," she announced in a great shout, throwing herself back in the chair. Perceiving the joke she laughed immoderately with a handkerchief to her eyes, while he sat wearing a forced smile and, from his inexperience of jolly women, was persuaded that she must be deplorably insane. They were excellent friends afterwards; for, absolving her from irreverent intention, he came to think she was a very worthy person indeed; and he learned in time to receive without flinching other scraps of Solomon's wisdom.

"For my part," Solomon was reported by his wife to have said once, "give me the dull-est ass for a skipper before a rogue. There is a way to take a fool, but a rogue is smart and slippery." This was an airy generalization drawn from the particular case of Captain MacWhirr's honesty, which, in itself, had the heavy obviousness of a lump of clay. On the other hand, Mr. Jukes, unable to generalize, unmarried, and unengaged, was in the habit of opening his heart after another fashion to an old chum and former shipmate, actually serving as second officer on board an Atlantic liner.

First of all, he would insist upon the advantages of the Eastern trade, hinting at its superiority to the Western Ocean service. He extolled the sky, the seas, the ships, and the easy life of the Far East. The *Nan-Shan*, he affirmed, was second to none as a seaboat. "We have no brass-bound uniforms, but then we are like brothers here," he wrote. "We all mess together and live like fighting cocks.

... All the chaps of the black-squad are as decent as they make that kind, and old Sol, the chief, is a dry stick. We are good friends. As to our old man, you could not find a quieter skipper. Sometimes you would think he had n't sense enough to see anything wrong. And yet it is n't that. Can't be. He has been in command for a good few years now. He does n't do anything actually foolish, and gets his ship along all right without worrying anybody. I believe he has n't brains enough to enjoy kicking up a row. I don't take advantage of him. I would scorn it. Outside the routine of duty he does n't seem to understand more than half of what

you tell him. We get a laugh out of this at times, but it is dull, too, to be with a man like this—in the long run. Old Sol says he has n't much conversation. Conversation! Oh, Lord! He never talks. The other day I had been yarning under the bridge with one of the engineers, and he must have heard us. When I came up to take my watch he steps out of the chart-room and has a good look all round, peeps over at the sidelights, glances at the compass, squints upwards at the stars. That's his regular performance. By and by he says: 'Was that you talking just now in the port alley-way?'—'Yes, sir.'—'With the third engineer?'—'Yes, sir.' He walks off to starboard and sits under the dodger on a little campstool of his and for half an hour, perhaps, he makes no sound except that I heard him sneeze once. Then after a while I hear him getting up over there and he strolls across to port where I was. 'I can't understand what you can find to talk about,' says he. 'Two solid hours. I am not blaming you. I see people ashore at it all day long, and then in the evening they sit down and keep at it over the drinks. Must be saying the same things over and over again. I can't understand.' Did you ever hear anything like that? And he was so patient about it. It made me quite sorry for him. But he is exasperating, too, sometimes. Of course, one would not do anything to vex him even if it were worth while. But it is n't. He's so jolly dense that if you were to put your thumb to your nose and wave your fingers at him, he would only wonder gravely to himself what got into you. He told me once quite simply that he found it very difficult to make out what made people always act so queerly. He's too dense to trouble about and that's the truth."

Thus wrote Mr. Jukes to his chum in the Western Ocean trade, out of the fulness of his heart and the liveliness of his fancy.

He had expressed his honest opinion. It was not worth while trying to impress a man like that. If the world had been full of such men life would have probably appeared to Jukes an unentertaining and unprofitable business. He was not alone in his opinion. The sea itself, as if sharing Mr. Jukes's good-natured forbearance, had never put itself out to startle the silent man who seldom looked up and wandered innocently over the waters with the only visible purpose of getting food, raiment, and house-room for three people ashore. Dirty weather he had known, of course. He had been made wet, uncomfortable, tired in

the usual way,—felt at the time and presently forgotten. So that upon the whole he had been justified in reporting fine weather at home. But he had never been given a glimpse of immeasurable strength and of immoderate wrath, the wrath that passes exhausted but never appeased—the wrath and fury of the passionate sea. He knew it existed, as we know that crime and abominations exist; he had heard of it as a peaceable citizen in a town hears of battles, famines, and floods, and yet knows nothing of what these things mean, though, indeed, he may have been mixed up in a street row, have gone without his dinner once, or been soaked to the skin in a shower. He sailed over the surface of the oceans as some men go skimming over the years of existence and sink at last into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without ever having been made to see all it contains of perfidy, violence, and terror. There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate, or thus disdained by destiny or by the sea.

## IV

• OBSERVING the steady fall of the barometer, Captain MacWhirr thought: "There's some dirty weather knocking about." This is precisely what he thought. He had had an experience of moderately dirty weather,—the term dirty, as applied to the weather in itself, implying only moderate discomfort to the seaman. Had he been informed by an indisputable authority that the end of the world was to be finally accomplished by a catastrophic disturbance of the atmosphere, he would have assimilated the information under the simple idea of dirty weather and no other, because he had no experience of cataclysms and belief does not necessarily imply comprehension. The wisdom of his country had pronounced by means of an Act of Parliament that before he could be considered as fit to take charge of a ship he should be able to answer certain simple questions on the subject of circular storms, such as hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons,—and apparently he had answered them, since he was now in command of the *Nan-Shan* in the China seas during the season of typhoons. But if he had answered he remembered nothing of it. He was, however, conscious of being made uncomfortable by the clammy heat. He came out on the bridge and found no relief to this oppression. The air seemed thick. He gasped like a fish and began to believe himself greatly out of sorts.

The *Nan-Shan* was ploughing a vanishing furrow upon the circle of the sea that had a surface like a piece of gray satin; and under this surface slow undulations passed, unbroken and smooth, swinging the ship bodily up and down at regular intervals. The white patch of mist declined down the sky together with the sun which, pale and without rays, poured a leaden heat in a strangely indecisive light, and the Chinamen were lying prostrate about the decks. Their bloodless, pinched yellow faces were like the faces of bilious invalids. Captain MacWhirr noticed two of them especially, stretched out on their backs below the bridge. As soon as they had closed their eyes they seemed dead. Three others, however, were quarrelling barbarously away forward, and one big fellow, half naked, with herculean shoulders, was hanging limply over a winch; while another sitting on the deck, his knees up and his head drooping sideways in a girlish attitude, was plaiting his tail with infinite languor depicted in his whole person and in the very movement of his fingers. The smoke struggled with difficulty out of the funnel, and instead of streaming away spread out like an infernal sort of cloud, smelling of sulphur and raining soot on the decks.

"What the devil are you doing there, Mr. Jukes?" asked Captain MacWhirr.

This unusual form of address, though mumbled rather than spoken, caused the body of Mr. Jukes to start as though it had been prodded under the fifth rib. He had had a low bench brought on the bridge, and, sitting on it with a length of rope curled about his feet and a piece of canvas stretched over his knees, was pushing a sail-needle vigorously. He looked up, and his surprise gave to his eyes an expression of innocence and candor.

"I am only roping some of that new set of bags we made last trip for whipping up coals," he remonstrated gently. "We shall want them for the next coaling, sir."

"What became of the others?"

"Why! Worn out, of course, sir."

Captain MacWhirr, after glaring down irresolutely at his chief-mate, disclosed the gloomy and cynical conviction that more than half of them had been lost overboard, "if only the truth was known," and retired to the other end of the bridge. Jukes, exasperated by this unprovoked attack, broke the needle at the second stitch, and, dropping his work, got up and cursed the heat in a violent undertone.

The propeller thumped, the three Chinamen

forward had given up squabbling very suddenly, and the one who had been plaiting his tail clasped his legs and stared dejectedly over his knees. The lurid sunshine cast faint and sickly shadows. The swell ran higher and swifter every moment, and the ship lurched heavily in the smooth, deep hollows of the sea.

"I wonder where that beastly swell comes from," said Jukes aloud, recovering himself after a stagger.

"Northeast," grunted the literal Mac-Whirr, from his side of the bridge. "There's some dirty weather knocking about. Go and look at the glass."

When Jukes came out of the chart-room the cast of his countenance had changed to thoughtfulness and concern. He caught hold of the bridge-rail and stared ahead.

The temperature in the engine-room had gone up to 110 degrees. Irritated voices were ascending through the skylight and through the fiddle of the stoke-hold. They made a harsh and resonant uproar, mingled with angry clangs and scrapes of metal, as if men with limbs of iron and throats of bronze had been quarrelling down there. The second engineer was falling foul of the stokers for letting the steam go down. He was a man with arms like a blacksmith and generally feared, but that afternoon the stokers were answering him back recklessly and slammed the furnace doors with the fury of despair. Then the noise ceased suddenly and the second engineer appeared, emerging out of the stoke-hold, streaked with grime and soaking wet, like a chimney-sweep coming out of a well. As soon as his head was clear of the fiddle he began upbraiding Jukes for not trimming properly the stoke-hold ventilators, and in answer Jukes made with his hands deprecatory soothing signs, meaning no wind—can't be helped—you can see for yourself. But the other would n't hear reason. His teeth flashed angrily in his dirty face, and he cursed like a madman. He did n't mind, he said, the trouble of punching their blanked heads down there, blank his soul, but did the condemned sailors think you could keep steam up in the God-forsaken boilers simply by knocking the blanked stokers about? No, by George! You had to get some draught, too—may be he everlastingly blanked for a swab-headed, deck-hand, if you did n't! And the chief, too, rampaging before the steam-gauge and carrying on like a lunatic all over the engine-room ever since noon. What did Jukes think he was stuck up there for, if he could-

n't get one of his decayed, good-for-nothing, deck-cripples to turn the ventilators to the wind?

The relations of the "engine-room" and the "deck" of the *Nan-Shan* were, as is known, of a brotherly nature; therefore Jukes leaned over and begged the other in a restrained tone not to make a disgusting ass of himself—the skipper was on the other side of the bridge. But the second declared mutinously that he did n't care who was on the other side of the bridge, and Jukes, passing in a flash from lofty disapproval into a state of exaltation, invited him in unflattering terms to come up and twist the beastly things to please himself, and to catch such wind as a donkey of his sort could find. The second rushed up to the fray. He flung himself at the port ventilator as though he meant to tear it out bodily and toss it overboard. All he did was to move round the cowl a few inches, with an enormous expenditure of force, and seemed spent in the effort. He leaned against the back of the wheel-house, and Jukes walked up to him.

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated the engineer in a feeble voice. He lifted his eyes to the sky and then let his glassy stare descend to meet the horizon that, tilting up to an angle of forty degrees, seemed to hang on a slant for awhile and settled down slowly. "Heavens! Phew! What's up, anyhow?"

Jukes, straddling his long legs like a pair of compasses, put on an air of superiority. "We're going to catch it this time," he said. "The barometer is tumbling down like anything, Harry. And you trying to kick up that silly row."

It seemed as though the word "barometer" had revived the second engineer's mad animosity. Collecting afresh all his energies he directed Jukes in a low and brutal tone to shove the unmentionable instrument down his gory throat. Who cared for his crimson barometer? It was the steam—the steam—that was going down; and what between the firemen going faint and the chief going silly, it was worse than a dog's life for him; and he did n't care a tinker's curse how soon the whole show was blown out of the water. He seemed on the point of having a cry, but, after regaining his breath, he muttered darkly, "I'll faint them," and dashed off. He stopped upon the fiddle long enough to shake his fist at the unnatural daylight and dropped into the dark hole with a whoop.

(To be continued.)

## The Book-Buyer's Guide

*The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editors.*

### ARCHITECTURE

**Sturgis—A Dictionary of Architecture and Building.** Biographical, Historical, and Descriptive. By Russel Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D., and other Expert Writers. In three volumes. Vol. III.—O-Z. Illustrated. Macmillan. \$18.00.

Now that the third and final volume of Mr. Sturgis's "Dictionary of Architecture" has made its appearance one is afforded a better opportunity for judging the undertaking both broadly and specifically. Perhaps the most disappointing feature of the work are the illustrations, which include a vast and not always pertinent quantity of modern half-tones and antiquated line engravings. The juxtaposition of these is sometimes startling, and often where one might expect to find illustrations there are none, though the number of irrelevant plates is unduly large. It is also to be regretted that there has been no attempt to throw light upon the pronunciation and derivation of the terms defined, many of which, of course, come directly from foreign languages. Aside from these points the defects of the Dictionary are of minor moment. There is a certain lack of proportion in the treatment of titles, though this has, of course, favored one of the Dictionary's chief merits, which is the inclusion of extensive descriptive articles. One may well congratulate the editor and publishers on the speedy completion of a work which has involved so much painstaking research, and to praise once more the concise and scholarly biographical material which forms such an important portion of the work, and which has been largely furnished by Mr. Edward R. Smith of the Avery Architectural Library.

**Wooton—The Elements of Architecture.** By the Curious Pensil of the Ever Memorable Sir Henry Wooton, Kt. London, 1651. Bassett Co., Springfield. \$1.50. The present volume is a welcome reproduction of the 1651 edition of "Reliquiae Wootonianæ," which included this quaint attempt of an amateur to set down the results of his study, and his observations on Italian architecture.

### BELLES-LETTRES

**Black—Culture and Restraint.** By Hugh Black. Revell. \$1.50. This volume is a thoroughgoing study of the problem suggested by the opposing ideals of

culture and self-denial. The author considers in turn the arguments for and against the æsthetic and ascetic ideals, and finds the solution in the balance which Christianity maintains between the two. His reasoning is not always sound, and his statements in regard to monasticism are sometimes reckless. He seems, too, to disregard, or at least not to give due importance to, the doctrine of vicarious penance. But the book makes interesting reading.

**Boise—Music and Its Masters.** By O. B. Boise. With six portraits. Lippincott. \$1.50.

Modesty and well-digested information are the keynotes of this book. Mr. Boise writes with the authority of thirty years' experience as a teacher of composition, and he speaks in the manner of the man who knows whereof he speaks. In seven chapters he discusses the nature and origin of music, music's first era, and the influences operative in various lands during its continuance, Biblical mention of music, Wagner, the influencing factors in deciding musical destinies, and musical intelligence. Musicians and amateurs will find his book psychologically suggestive.

**Hastings—The Theatre.** By Charles Hastings. Translated from the French by Frances A. Welby. Lippincott, \$3.00.

This is an attempt to supply the need, in France and England, of a "history, or rather an historical outline," of the theatre in Greece, Rome, and the two countries named above. It gives every evidence of studious research and careful preparation, and must prove a useful handbook to students of the drama. A bibliography of the subject is appended, and the work is thoroughly indexed. In a prefatory letter, M. Sardou gives his cordial endorsement to Mr. Hastings's history.

**Le Row: Mark Twain.—English as She is Taught.** Edited by Caroline B. Le Row. Introduction by Mark Twain. Century. \$1.00.

A new and more attractive edition of the little book compiled by a Brooklyn teacher from the compositions and definitions of public-school children. It illustrates the truth that fact may be funnier than fiction, for no one could possibly invent anything so laughable as most of the matter here presented, with every assurance as to its authenticity.



**Prothero—The Works of Lord Byron.** Letters and Journals, Vol. VI. Edited by R. E. Prothero, M.A., London: Murray. Imported by Scribners. \$2.00.

This volume completes the issue of the Letters and Journals. The superiority of this edition to the best of the former ones may be stated arithmetically. Moore, in his "Life of Byron," prints 561 letters; Halleck prints 635; Prothero gives 1,198, or more than double the number of Moore and almost double that of Halleck. He also gives the letters more accurately, and adds a vast amount of biographical, historical, and other illustrative matter in his notes and appendixes.

**Reed—The Spinster Book.** By Myrtle Reed. Putnam. \$1.50.

Another heart's cry has broken from the tender bosom of Miss Myrtle Reed. This time the cry is cynical and almost bitter, for in "The Spinster Book" Miss Reed eases her mind, and tells Man what she thinks of him. The over-sensitive may find the aphorisms that compose this book not quite to their taste though some of them are funny; but the young spinster desirous of altering her state will find valuable advice. The matrimonial hook, Miss Reed thinks, should be baited with food and lots of it. Feed man, feed him early and often, overfeed him! This is the core of Miss Reed's philosophy.

**Street—Ruskin's Principles of Art Criticism.**

By Ida M. Street. Stone. \$1.60. While one may well question the utility of any attempt to resuscitate Ruskin the art critic, still there is no pronounced consensus against such an undertaking. The author of these interpretations and the compiler of these selections shows scant aptitude for the task in hand—the task of formulating and summarizing Ruskin's art philosophy; a philosophy at best vague, inchoate, and contradictory, yet couched in supple, colorful language. Though he succeeded in proving that he knew little about art, Ruskin proved that he was himself an artist, a master of expression, which, after all, was the better.

**Strong—The Times and Young Men.** By Josiah Strong. Baker & Taylor. 75 cts. "The Father of 'Our Country'" knows his boys, and is well acquainted with the century in which American lads live. Born and trained as a "Puritan," his rigid views felt the shock of theological and social changes, but he set himself to interpret the new ideas and movements. Seeing that right interpretation has done so much for himself, he now tries in this little book to show certain controlling principles or great laws of life which never alter.

**Thackeray—Stray Papers.** By William Makepeace Thackeray. Being Stories, Reviews, Verses, and Sketches (1821-1847). Edited by Lewis Melville. Illustrated. Jacobs. \$2.00, net.

It is a question whether it is wise to collect and print the early writings of a famous author, but without stopping to argue the case,

one may say that such collections are generally interesting. The early work of few writers is as well worth collecting as that of Thackeray, and no one who collects Thackerayana can afford to be without Mr. Lewis Melville's volume of "Stray Papers."

## BIOGRAPHY

**Hall—John Hall, Pastor and Preacher.** A Biography. By his son, Thomas C. Hall. Revell. \$1.50, net.

With singularly good taste, eliminating from his work both eulogium and criticism, the professor of ethics in Union Seminary, and son of the famous Fifth Avenue Presbyterian preacher, has written the story of his father's life. John Hall was a big-hearted Irishman, with one idea dominating all others and shaping his career. By spiritual induction he moulded the life of thousands. He was not an orator in the pulpit, not a platform speaker, but a preacher of God's good news to man. His writings had astonishingly little literary charm or value, but his sermons moved men to unselfish and fruitful lives, while at the council board every word of John Hall weighed a ton. In all things John Hall was manly and consistent, and this book is an admirable presentation of his beautiful and fruitful life.

**Hapgood—George Washington.** By Norman Hapgood. Macmillan. \$1.75.

If there must be so many new lives of Washington it is not a bad idea to have them as clear and interesting as this one. It is compact, vivid, and, for so brief a biography, singularly comprehensive. It gives evidence of scholarship, too, and research, and is far from being mere bookmaker's task-work. Mr. Hapgood has a clear, readable style that invites attention and holds the interest. The book is illustrated with handsome reproductions of various portraits of Washington, the frontispiece being a photogravure of Savage's painting, now the property of Harvard University. There are also facsimile reproductions of pages from his own account of his journey over the mountains in March, 1747, and of his opinion of the field-officers of the Revolution who were alive in 1791.

**Lee—Dictionary of National Biography.** Edited by Sidney Lee. Supplement, Vol. III. How-Woodward. Macmillan. \$5.00.

The most notable contribution to the third supplementary volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" is that dedicated to Queen Victoria. The article, which covers pages 389-500, is from the pen of the present editor, Mr. Sidney Lee, and easily ranks among the ablest and most concise biographies of the late Queen.

**Mason—Memories of a Musical Life.** By William Mason. Illustrated. Century. \$2.00, net.

Had Dr. Mason been childless his "Memoires" would never have been committed to



paper. It is due to the insistent urging of his daughter, and the cordial co-operation of his son-in-law, Mr. Howard van Sinderen, and Mr. Gustav Kobbé, the critic, that the literature of music has been enriched with this budget of reminiscences, portraits, autographs, etc. The author is the dean of the musical guild in America; he was a pupil of Liszt's, and has known most of the famous musicians of the past half-century at home and abroad. Like his father before him, though in a different way, he has done much to foster the study and enjoyment of music in America. And not the least part of the veteran pianist and composer's service to the music-loving world has been the preparation of this highly entertaining and historically interesting work.

**Pinloche—Pestalozzi, and the Foundation of the Modern Elementary School.** By A. Pinloche. Scribner. \$1.00.

That happy day long looked for, which seems to be dawning, when teaching will be exalted into and recognized as a profession, is certainly being hastened by the series of able works on the Great Educators, edited by Nicholas Murray Butler. In this compact volume, the Swiss educational reformer is pictured, in the detail of his daily work, by one who is already known in the field of educational history, and who is able boldly to grasp and clearly to state the philosophy which, in the face of manifold obstacles, Pestalozzi persistently wrought out and successfully applied.

#### FICTION

**Becke—Yorke the Adventurer.** By Louis Becke. Lippincott. \$1.50.

With the South Sea Islands to draw on for picturesque material, Mr. Becke has managed to turn out some unusually commonplace stories, told with rather less sense of proportion and construction than the average story one reads. This is a pity, as he apparently knows the South Seas and had the stuff for better stories than these.

**Connor—The Man from Glengarry.** By Ralph Connor. Revell. \$1.50.

The scene of this tale is laid in Ontario and British Columbia, and the chief characters are drawn from the Highland Scots who have emigrated to the new world. Mr. Connor seems to have undertaken for the transplanted Scotchman what Messrs. Maclaren and Crockett have done for him at home in his native kail-yard. It may seem strange to the uninitiated that the Canadian Scotchman should have a monopoly of all the virtues, physical and moral, in the Dominion; but Mr. Connor implies as much—and he should know. The cause of such a state of things is a nice ethnological problem, and the author, being a keen observer and in a position to use his equipment, owes it to the world to demonstrate its solution. However, for those who like their Scotsmen strong, fearless, and angelic, and all other races, especially French and Irish Canadians, endowed with

all the opposite vices, "The Man from Glengarry" will be exhilarating reading. Some of the scenes are wonderfully thrilling. The picture of the bar-room brawl, with six Scotchmen gayly bandying jests while they engage and vanquish a party of fifty or thereabouts of the inferior races, and Macdonald Bhain tossing able-bodied men over the bar and through convenient windows, is a joyous reminder of the dear dead days when "Old Sleuth" used to play similar havoc with hosts of adversaries.

**Crawford—Marietta, a Maid of Venice.** By

F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan. \$1.50. Other romancers come and go. An all-embracing reputation is made in thirty days and forgotten in a year. But Mr. Crawford goes on forever, serenely doing what he always has done, as well as he always has done it, and reaping the rewards as if it were no great matter after all. It is no treat to him to be on the lists of the "six best-selling." That happens once or twice a year with an almost tiresome regularity. "Marietta" is a story of the glass-blowers of Murano, and a right good story, too. The romance of the wealthy glass-blower's daughter and Zovgi, the Dalmatian, her father's servant, but an artist, happens to have an interesting foundation in reality, but it is just as absorbing as if Mr. Crawford had made it all out of his own head. Even facts do not get in Mr. Crawford's way—and what need to say more?

**Gallon—The Man who Knew Better.** A Christmas Dream. By T. Gallon. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. Appleton. \$1.50.

This story starts out to be a second "Santa Claus's Christmas" by Thomas Nelson Page, and then changes its course through the loss of identity of Andrew Judkin into a tale of poor relatives made happy by unexpected accession of a fortune. The illustrations and the print are particularly good. The tone of the story is somewhat oppressively didactic.

**Hichens—The Prophet of Berkeley Square.** By Robert Hichens. Dodd, Mead, & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Hichens is undeniably clever,—so emphatically clever, indeed, that it seems hardly necessary to announce on the title-page of "The Prophet of Berkeley Square" that he is the author of "Flames," and, it might be added, of "The Green Carnation." One remembers these facts. There is a soft sensuousness about his novels that affects one's nerves like the stroking of a cat the right way. One would like to be the Prophet's grandmother, to sleep in that heavy, dull-blue carpeted bedchamber, where the walls were dressed with a dull-blue paper like velvet, before every one of the many low and seductive chairs was set a low and seductive footstool, and in front of the hearth was a sofa on which an emperor might have laid an easy head, even wearing a crown. This suggestion of comfort is admirably balanced by an abrupt contrast of phrases for which Mr.

Hichens is notable,—a contrast which wakes one suddenly from the day dream before the fire. Whatever effort he produces, he never bores. On every new page is a new and clever turn.

**Hope—Tristram of Blent.** By Anthony Hope. McClure, Phillips, & Co. \$1.50.

Here is a rattling good story. Mr. Hope has often furnished us with tales answering that description before, but they were performances of a different order. Whereas his previous successes have been stories of incident, this is a novel of character. The vein of "Zenda" can easily be worked out, but the success of "Tristram of Blent" can be repeated indefinitely to a satisfied audience. It is the kind of story Anthony Trollope might write if he were abridged, reincarnated, brought up to date, and given a touch of the divine fire to vivify the carefully shaped clay of his puppets.

Both in plot and workmanship the story is much better than any of Mr. Hope's former attempts in the same line. It seems to mark his achievement of mastery in this kind, and holds out the promise of an indefinite number of clever novels of social life to accompany the present generation on its way down the shady side of life.

**Horton—The Tempting of Father Anthony.**

By George Horton. McClurg & Co. \$1.25. "The Tempting of Father Anthony" is a pretty story; the characters are all pretty and the scenery is irreproachably pretty. The plot is laid in Greece, where, we are told, the author has spent much time living among the people and studying them. He has been impressed by what impresses most foreigners in any strange land—the quaintness and picturesqueness. So the story naturally bristles with the picturesque. The book preserves a comic-opera tone throughout, but it is consistent, and makes very pretty pictures for one.

**Janvier—In Great Waters.** By Thomas Janvier. Harper. \$1.25.

Here are four stories of dwellers beside the waves. One, perhaps the best of all, "The Wrath of the Zuyder Zee," is placed on the island of Marken; another is beside Lake Superior, the third in Provence, and the fourth on the English shores of the North Sea. Being Mr. Janvier's work, it goes without saying that they are admirably done—but they are all tragedies. There are so few writers who can give us hearty, wholesome laughter that we are justified in our indignation when one of them brings us tears instead.

**Lefèvre—Wall Street Stories.** By Edwin Lefèvre. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

Mr. Lefèvre would probably be the first to repudiate for his Wall Street Stories the title "Tracts for the Times." Nonetheless the stories are tracts, in the best sense of the word, and they are both for the times and of

the times. It would not surprise one to know that in future years they will furnish valuable documentary evidence to students of sociology intent upon understanding the spirit of speculation that has characterized the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries. Mr. Lefèvre's stories strike at the root of the matter. They waste no time in moralizing. They merely show speculation for what it is,—a desire to get something for nothing, a desire that often outwits and overreaches its possessor, and that destroys character and honeycombs the life that it fastens upon.

**Montresor—The Alien.** By F. F. Montresor. Appleton. \$1.50.

"The Alien" belongs to the school of Brontë. Rochester and Jane Eyre, a little toned down by time and convention, appear in the characters of Jaspas and Esther Mordaunt. Esther, who like her prototype is pale gray on the outside but blood-red within, is dependent on the whim of a rich, crabbed aunt; and Jaspas, having, like Rochester, lived in many climes and achieved a deal of wickedness, comes home to play havoc in her monotonous life. The interest of the story, however, does not centre in these two, but in the crabbed old aunt, whose prototype we do not remember to have met in fiction. She is very much alive, as are all the characters of the book, and quite capable, with her vagaries past and present, of helping one to while away an afternoon or an evening by the fire.

**Patteson—Pussy Meow: The Autobiography of a Cat.** By S. Louise Patteson. Jacobs. 60 cts., net.

"This book is intended to do for the cat what 'Black Beauty' has done for the horse." Let us hope that it will, for the cat, except in rare instances, is a much-abused animal.

**Rhys—The Wooing of Sheila.** By Grace Rhys. Holt. \$1.50.

There seems to be somewhat of a dearth this season of stories that are merely pretty stories, with attractive little heroines, who are neither galloping tomboys nor heroines of a grand type ready for all emergencies, from subduing pirates to quelling cardinals. Literary curiosities of all kinds we have without number; the reader can wander at will from Polar pits to the moon, but there are comparatively few stories like "The Wooing of Sheila,"—simple stories, with a good deal of romance, not a little human nature, and enough adventure to make a plot that carries one along. Besides these merits, "The Wooing of Sheila" has the merit of being charmingly told.

**Shaw—Cashel Byron's Profession.** By G. Bernard Shaw. Stone. \$1.50.

Those who take Mr. Shaw seriously are happily few—a cheering sign, since it argues that a sense of humor is still a characteristic of the many. People for whom the peculiar

quality of his humor has a relish will find plenty of opportunity to gratify their taste for the whimsical in this reprint of a work of his nonage. It is no reflection on the tale itself to say that the "several prefaces" and the essay on prize-fighting which he has written for this edition are quite as good reading as, if not better than, his original account of the adventures of the pugilist-hero. In the blank verse dramatic version of the story which the author has appended, and in his justification of this adaptation, he is equally happy. Only a refreshingly keen sense of the ludicrous and a faculty for its adequate expression could enable a man to burlesque himself as enjoyably as Mr. Shaw has done here.

**Van Dyke—The Ruling Passion.** By Henry Van Dyke. Scribner. \$1.50.

Dr. Van Dyke's stories are always genial and comforting, uplifting and sincere. Without being obtrusively instructive, they are ethical rather than æsthetic utterances. "The Ruling Passion," as the author tells us in a preface that is the best part of his book, does not mean the universal passion of romantic love, but, rather, refers to "those hidden and durable desires, affections, and impulses to which men and women give themselves up for rule and guidance." In one tale it is love of music, in another love of children, in a third the sense of duty, in a fourth the instinct for fair play that controls the life of the humble hero or heroine, but always it is something worth hearing about, and wrought into a tale that leaves a little glow in the heart.

**Voss—Sigurd Eckdal's Bride.** By Richard Voss. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.

The story of a Northland hero who planned to go to the Pole in a balloon. He first robbed his friend of his fiancée, and then was so ill-advised as to take the former along, and was murdered in consequence. The tale has all the accessories to which we are accustomed in Scandinavian fiction, but it is singularly artificial and deficient in the illusion of reality. The characters are as grim, grotesque, and as little like flesh and blood as are the carved dragons pictured on the cover. The whole book, indeed, in spirit and feeling resembles an old piece of Scandinavian carving more closely than any other art-form.

**White—The Westerners.** By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips, & Co. \$1.50.

Here is a new writer who has stories to tell and a keen observation of character as well. You may regard "The Westerners" as a story of life in the Black Hills during the days of the gold excitement there, or you may regard it as a study of the inherited New England conscience dominant over environment or training; it is interesting in either light. Michail Lafond, a revengeful half-breed, has a grudge against a couple of plainsmen and

the helpless family of a New England geologist who is making scientific investigations in the Hills. He incites an Indian raid, during which the professor's wife is killed; he carries off their child, a girl, and has her brought up as his own by the wife of an Indian agent, intending later to make of her a dance-hall girl, and then to overwhelm her with the knowledge of her family and birth, that her shame may be a last sweet morsel of revenge. However, he plans without considering Molly's New England inheritance, and he reckons ill who leaves that out. The story is too melodramatic to carry entire conviction, but it is noteworthy, nevertheless.

**Wilkins—The Portion of Labor.** By Mary E. Wilkins. Harper. \$1.50.

Miss Wilkins's new novel is hardly so serious as the title threatens. It is a story of life in a New England factory town, but the interest is concentrated upon the heroine, Ellen Brewster, one of those sweet and beautiful children whom this writer delights to depict, and more than half the volume is devoted to her little girlhood. Ellen is pleasant to read about, but she is so petted and doted upon by the author as well as by an abject family and a circle of adoring friends, that the reader comes to think of her as a large and lovely doll, and is therefore not so keenly touched by her trials and her brief career as a leader of strikes as he might have been had Ellen seemed more human.

In spite of two shooting affrays, several family quarrels, madness, elopement, and the strike, the best and most exciting incident in the book is the action of Miss Cynthia Lennox, who finds runaway Ellen in the street during her childhood, takes her home, and keeps her a day and a half while the town is turned upside down in the effort to find her. Cynthia Lennox is, indeed, the most definite and interesting character the book contains.

**Williams—J. Devlin, Boss.** By Francis Churchill Williams. Lothrop, \$1.50.

"J. Devlin, Boss," is a brawny book. In the evolution of the gritty little newsboy Jimmy into the chief personality of a great city we get the informing details of that American process by which the other half becomes this half. The scenes are not localized, for the action might occur in any one of a dozen of our large cities. The story suggests copious reserve material in the grip of a strong hand. A hint of profound character study is given in the fact that the opposing forces in the book come not from without the individual but from within the soul of the hero himself. His political ambitions have to reckon not so much with a civic rival as with his devotion to a heart-hungry woman who needs protection from the wretch she must call husband. The underlying tragedy of the book is offset by the cheery courage of the trusty J. Devlin, and by the wooing of two young lovers. The interest in this book is

likely to become general, notwithstanding it cannot be read at a glance. Primaries, national conventions, city deals, and contracts are rugged subjects, to be sure, but when handled in a virile style they become vital social forces. A book for men is this, and for the woman who wants to understand.

## HISTORY

**Brown—English Politics in Early Virginia History.** By Alexander Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

In his former works, "The Genesis of the United States" and "The First Republic in America," Mr. Brown has collected a good deal of valuable information. For this the historian is grateful, though he cannot countenance Mr. Brown's peculiar interpretation of the period that he has made so conspicuously his own. The present work is on the same lines as were its predecessors. The information therein contained is, however, not so important, and the interpretation thereof is if anything more extreme. The great fault of writers like Mr. Brown is that they view our early colonial history from the standpoint of what the United States is to-day. They look upon the early history of Virginia solely as the beginnings of a great nation, not as a manifestation of English growth and development. This standpoint is especially vicious because it leads to an unjust condemnation of English statesmen who, by the very nature of things, could not look into the future and were inevitably forced to regard the colonies as parts of the British Empire and not as an embryonic national state.

**Curtis—The True Thomas Jefferson.** By Wm. Eleroy Curtis. Lippincott. \$2.00, nett.

This new volume of the "True Biographies" maintains the commendable standard set by its four predecessors in the series. The author has evidently made it his aim to describe the man, without partisanship or prejudice,—as he actually was, rather than as extremists among either friends or enemies regarded him. We see him at home and on his farm; as a lawyer and as a politician; in offices up to the highest in the gift of his countrymen during a public career of more than sixty years; as the founder of the University of Virginia, the buildings of which he designed—as he did his own mansion, the State Capitol, and other edifices; as a theologian and a thinker; and in his services to science, of which he was a zealous and generous patron, though often inaccurate and impractical in his own scientific work.

**Smith—China in Convulsion.** By Arthur H. Smith. 2 vols. Illustrated. Revell. \$5.00.

By thirty years' residence in China, and by such long and patient investigation of the country and people as is set forth in his wonderful books, "Chinese Characteristics," and "Village Life in China," this American mis-

sionary, always living in closest contact with the people, has been enabled to show us, not *China in Convulsions*, as some of the newspapers have it, but Northern China in the throes of both civil disturbance and foreign war.

Dr. Smith's story, in these two portly volumes, with their rich sandwiching of striking photographs, is just what we should expect of him. Here are the facts, full, well arranged in orderly sequence and in fine literary style. He gives us not only history, as exact as a conscientious and diligent investigator can give it, but he inquires into the antecedent of each event, its meaning and its results. Among the most valuable contributions to the book are the personal narratives of surviving Christian Chinese. Incredible as it may seem, not a few of the foreign rescuers never took in the situation at all, not knowing that about 30,000 Chinese had been slain for their faith in Christ. The judicial fairness of the author is manifest on every page. We reckon this among the great books of the twentieth century and one which will outlive the century.

**Wildman—Aguinaldo : A Narrative of Filipino Ambitions.** By Edwin Wildman. Illustrated. Lothrop. \$1.20 nett.

The author of this book is a brother and was a subordinate of the late Rounselle Wildman, Consul-General at Hong Kong—the American who aided Aguinaldo's return to the Philippines. The object of his book is to discredit the captured Filipino leader and his followers.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Blanchard—Mistress May.** By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated. Jacobs. 80 cts., nett.

Miss Blanchard and Miss Waugh are still working together, one as author and the other as illustrator, to the great delight of the young people. "Mistress May" is in Miss Blanchard's usual entertaining style, and Miss Waugh's illustrations will satisfy their many admirers.

**De Vinne—Correct Composition.** By Theodore L. De Vinne. The Century Co. \$2.00, nett.

The founder of the De Vinne Press, who as a printer has won the good-will and admiration of the reading world, is employing the well-earned leisure of his later years in a way to make the printing, publishing, and writing guilds his debtors. His trilogy on the Practice of Typography, which began in 1900 with a work on "Plain Printing Types," and is to be concluded with one on "Title-Pages," is continued this year with a volume on "Correct Composition,"—a treatise on spelling, abbreviations, the compounding and division of words, the proper use of figures and numerals, italic and capital letters, notes, etc. It is an eminently practical work, sound and sensible in the advice it gives to others, and



consistent as an illustration of the author's own practice in the matters of which it treats. The book is, of course, a product of the De Vinne Press.

**Malan—Other Famous Homes of Great Britain.** Edited by A. H. Malan. Putnam, \$6.50, *nett*.

One of the most noteworthy features of the Pall Mall Magazine has been the series of papers on the famous homes of Great Britain, written, as a rule, by members of the families owning or occupying them, and illustrated with exterior and interior views of castle, park, and garden, and of interiors, and with reproductions of portraits and other works of art. Three sumptuous volumes, of which this is the last, have been compiled from this source under the editorship of Mr. A. H. Malan. In the present work such remarkable seats are described as Wollaton Hall, Howard and Dunrobin Castles, Stowe, Stoneleigh, Osterley Park, Dalkeith Palace, and Clumber, the contributors being, among others, Lady Middleton, the Countess of Jersey, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Countess of Bradford, the Hon. Mary Leigh, Lord Ronald Gower, and Lord Henry Scott. Perhaps the most impressive picture in the volume is the photograph frontispiece of the rocky promontory known as St. Michael's Mount, with the magnificent mass of masonry crowning its summit—an English counterpart and namesake of the Norman Mont St. Michael.

**Mowbray—The Making of a Country Home.** By J. P. Mowbray. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50, *nett*.

The author who came to fame by his weekly contributions to the Evening Post over the signature "J. P. M." (since republished as "A Journey to Nature") devoted himself to the same general theme, but in another way, and with a different object and audience in view, when he prepared these papers for serial publication in *Everybody's Magazine*. The man who journeys to nature in the present volume is not a valetudinarian and widowed broker, with a boy to keep him company, and a country girl to fall in love with, after a fashion; but a happily married young "superintendent in a large wholesale establishment," earning a salary of \$2,400 per year. The story lacks the poetry of its predecessor, but it is much likelier to attract city folk to the country than was that delightfully humorous tale, and we wish it Godspeed in its excellent missionary work. The publisher has embellished the book with an attractive cover and picturesque head- and tail-pieces.

**Phyfe—5000 Facts and Fancies.** A Cyclopædia of Important, Curious, Quaint, and Unique Information in History, Literature, Science, Art, and Nature. By William Henry P. Phyfe. Putnam. \$5.00, *nett*.

Already well known as a compiler of popular handbooks on pronunciation and spelling, Mr. Phyfe has here turned his energies into

wider and more diverse channels. "5000 Facts and Fancies" is a mine of information well digested and admirably assorted. Mr. Phyfe has used independent judgments as to the relative importance of the various titles, and his judgments have been uniformly excellent.

**Sharp—Wild Life Near Home.** By Dallas Lore Sharp. Illustrated by Bruce Horsfall. Century. \$1.80, *nett*.

By this, his first book, the author has placed himself side by side with such a rare observer and recorder of natural phenomena as John Burroughs. A patient and acute searcher after truth, with mind and senses thoroughly trained for their task, he has found enough material to fill a volume without going more than a day's march afield; and what he has noted accurately he has reported faithfully, and in a style that is marked throughout by literary finish and a delicate and delightful sense of humor. His text is sympathetically and beautifully illustrated. Mr. Sharp, who has studied biology under a disciple and friend of Agassiz, is a Methodist minister, and an instructor in English at Boston University.

**Wells—The Merry Go Round.** By Carolyn Wells. Russell. \$1.50.

"The Merry Go Round" is a book of frabjous joy. It is Lewis Carroll with a grain of sense, and Rollo with a grain of nonsense. There is the naughty clock that will not wash its face and hands and the reprehensible kettle that sings through its nose, and other familiar friends with tricks and ways of their own—all very naughty and very entertaining to the small, round-eyed listener on your knee.

## POETRY AND VERSE

**Dickinson—The Cathedral, and Other Poems.** By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. Scribner. \$1.25, *nett*.

Among the sequence of poems collectively entitled "The Cathedral," we prefer the two entitled, respectively, "The Confessional" and "The Rosary." The others somehow fail to impress us. A lyrical note is heard in some of the "other poems," but generally they give the impression that the author has perhaps felt more intensely than she has the power to make her readers feel; her pen, as Lowell put it in another case, is a non-conductor.

**Garnett—The Queen, and Other Poems.** By Richard Garnett, C. B. Lane. \$1.25. Grave, dignified, and technically flawless verse, which fails to prove that poetry is the calling unto which the author is called. To handle the sonnet-form skilfully is not a spiritual achievement.

**Hughes—Gyges' Ring: A Dramatic Monologue.** By Rupert Hughes. Russell. \$1.25.

We fear this must be added to the long list of not wholly successful attempts to make blank-verse attractive to the ear accustomed



to less difficult verse forms. At best, we can regard it only as an interesting experiment.

**Markham—Lincoln, and Other Poems.** By Edwin Markham. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.00.

Mr. Markham finds himself tethered to "The Man with a Hoe." It is hardly in the nature of things that having (much to his surprise, no doubt) fallen upon fame with that striking bit of rhetoric, he should turn his face and (poetic) feet in another direction, and strike out on a path where the people might or might not follow him. So we find in his new book of poems "The Sower" ("after seeing Millet's painting with this title"), in which the monied idlers, male and female, get such another drubbing as they had apropos of the same painter's hoe-man. Mr. Markham has an imaginative attitude, if not outlook, and his resonant rhetoric keeps the word of promise to the physical ear, if not always to the ear of the spirit. This is good verse, whether it is true poetry or not.

**Milton—Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.** By John Milton. Hand-lettered book printed from etched plates. Two colors. Edition limited to 1000 copies on hand-made paper, 30 copies on Japan vellum paper. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour. \$2 and \$15.

# TRAVEL

**Burton—Wanderings in Three Continents.** By the Late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G. Edited, with a Preface, by W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.50, net.

This volume of posthumous essays, which includes an account of Burton's hazardous expedition into Central Africa, the pilgrimage to Mecca, the ride to Harar, and numerous kindred exploits, refreshes in enthralling terms one's interest in the gifted traveller and explorer. His active, adventurous, and yet scholarly career was without parallel, and the period here covered—1853–1870—was the most fruitful of his life. Burton's recall from Damascus by Lord Granville in 1870 and his subsequent appointment as Consul at Trieste was one of the most stupid and pathetic blunders in British diplomatic history, yet, as Mr. Wilkins suggests, had it not

been for this, his masterpiece, "Laylah Wa Laylah," might never have seen the light.

**Haggard—A Winter Pilgrimage.** Being an Account of Travels through Palestine, Italy, and the Island of Cyprus, accomplished in the year 1900. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans. \$4.00.

The portion of this handsome volume which is devoted to Cyprus, about a third of the 355 pages, is perhaps the most noteworthy, as dealing with a region comparatively little known and little written about; but we find the rest of the book hardly less interesting and enjoyable. Mr. Haggard is not only a keen observer of scenery and life, but can give a graphic account of what he sees. He is, moreover, familiar with history, art, archaeology, and agriculture, and notes much that the majority of tourists would overlook.

**Hough—Dutch Life in Town and Country.** By P. M. Hough. Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20, net.

This handy book is a delightful little encyclopædia of Dutch customs, manners, festivals, learning, art, letters, justice, religion, military, naval, city, and country life. It is written with spirit and has a great deal of local color. It is altogether a pleasing picture of the country and people to whom modern civilization owes so much. One must not expect accuracy in every detail, and with some of the statements those of us who know better, by actual experience or critical observation, the statistical facts, and the life, for example, of the Leyden students, might well complain of positive misstatements or lack of perspective. Instead of "seven provinces" which comprise the Netherlands, we count eleven. The chapter on the universities is decidedly British, with a strong flavor of insular prejudice. We can assure the author, also, that there is no historic ground whatever for the belief that the Pilgrim Fathers worshipped in the Reformed Dutch Church at Delfshaven before leaving for New England, so far as known, the late Dr. Cohen Stuart of Utrecht having first only a very few years ago, while in America, suggested that notion. Nevertheless, the book is a capital presentation, in very pleasant style, of the Dutch life of to-day, with a good chapter on "Holland over Sea."

# Books Received

## ART

**HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT.** Contemporary French Painters; Painting in France. Little, Brown, 2 vols., \$1.50 each.

## BIOGRAPHY.

**ADAMS, JOHN COLEMAN.** William Hamilton Gibson. Putnam, \$2.00, net.

**ADDERLEY, JAMES.** Monsieur Vincent. Longmans, \$1.25.

**TIERNAN, CHARLES B.** The Tiernan and Other Families. Gallery, Baltimore.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**ABBOTT, FRANK FROST.** A History and Description of Roman Political Institutions. Ginn, \$1.60.

**ARNOLD, SARAH LOUISE.** The Arnold Primer. Silver, Burdett.

**BRIGGS, LE BARON RUSSELL.** School, College, and Character. Houghton, \$1.00, net.

**BURNS, ROBERT.** Selected Poems. Edited by Charles W. Kent. Silver, Burdett.

**CHAMPLIN, JOHN DENISON.** The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Literature and Art. Holt, \$ .

**CHUBB, EDWIN WATTS.** English Words. Bardeen, Syracuse, \$0.75.

**COPELAND, C. T., and RIDEOUT, H. M.** Freshman English and Theme-Correcting in Harvard College. Silver, Burdett, \$1.00.

**CUSHING, LUTHER S.** Manual of Parliamentary Practice. New Edition. Coates, 75 cts.

FERRIS, CARRIE SIVYER. *Our First School Book*. Silver, Burdett, \$0.30.

FOSTER, MARY H. and CUMMINGS, MABEL H. *Asgard Stories, Tales from Norse Mythology*. Silver, Burdett, \$0.36.

FREYTAG, GUSTAV. *Die Journalisten*. Edited by Thomas Bertrand Bronson. Appleton, \$0.45.

GOETHE. *Hermann und Dorothea*. Edited by C. A. Buchheim and E. S. Buchheim. Clarendon Press.

GREENE, FRANCES NIMMO. *Legends of King Arthur and His Court*. Ginn, \$0.60.

HAUFF, WILHELM. *Lichtenstein*. Abridged and edited by Frank Vogel. Heath, \$0.75.

HOPKINS, JAMES FREDERICK. *Outlines of Art History*. Vol. I. Architecture. Educational Publishing Company, \$1.00.

KASTNER, L. E., and ATKINS, H. G. *A Short History of French Literature*. Holt.

LAMB, CHARLES. *Selected Essays*. Edited by Ernest Dressel North. Silver, Burdett.

MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON. *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Edited by Duffield Osborne. Silver, Burdett, cloth, \$0.35; paper, \$0.25.

PEARSON, T. GILBERT. *Stories of Bird Life*. Johnson, Richmond, 60 cts.

*Report of State Superintendent of Public Instruction*. James B. Lyon, State Printer, Albany.

ROW, T. SUNDARA. *Geometrical Exercises in Paper Folding*. Edited by W. W. Beman and D. E. Smith. Open Court Pub. Co., \$1.00, net.

RUSKIN, JOHN. *Sesame and Lilies*. Edited by Robert K. Root. Holt.

SCHILLER. *Die Braut von Messina*. Edited by A. H. Palmer and J. G. Eldridge. Holt.

SCHILLER. *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Lewis A. Rhoades. Appleton, \$0.60.

SEARCH, PRESTON W. *An Ideal School*. International Education Series, edited by W. T. Harris. Appleton, \$1.20, net.

SHELDON, HENRY D. *Student Life and Customs*. International Education Series, edited by W. T. Harris. Appleton, \$1.20, net.

TÉLLEZ, FRAY GABRIEL. *Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes*. Edited by B. P. Bourland. Holt.

TENNYSON, ALFRED. *The Holy Grail*. Edited by Sophie Jewett. Silver, Burdett.

THOMAS, CALVIN, and HERVEY, WM. ADISON. *German Reader*. Holt.

VERNE, JULES. *Les Forceurs de Blocus*. Edited by C. Fontaine. Appleton, \$0.30.

WHITE, MARY. *How to Make Baskets*. Doubleday, \$1.00.

WRIGHT, JULIA McNAIR. *Seaside and Wayside*. No. 3. Heath, Boston.

## FICTION.

BARBOUR, A. MAYNARD. *The Award of Justice*. Rand, \$1.50.

BARNES, WILLIS. *Doctor Josephine*. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

BEGBIE, HAROLD. *The Fall of the Curtain*. Bowen-Merrill, \$1.25, net.

BLISSETT, NELLIE K. *The Most Famous Loba*. Appleton, cloth, \$1.00; paper, \$0.50.

BOWLES, MAMIE. *The Supreme Sacrifice*. Dillingham, \$1.50.

CARUS, PAUL. *The Crown of Thorns*. Open Court Pub. Co., 75 cts.

CLAY, MRS. JOHN M. *Uncle Phil*. Abbey Press.

COLERIDGE, M. E. *The Fiery Dawn*. Longmans.

CORELLI, MARIE. *Barabbas*. Lippincott, \$3.50, net.

DUFFY, JAMES O. Q. *Glass and Gold*. Lippincott, \$1.50.

DYSON, EDWARD. *The Gold-Stealers*. Longmans.

EDWARDS, SUE. *Jewels of Paste*. Abbey Press.

ELIOT, GEORGE. *Miscellaneous Essays*. The Personal Edition, Vol. XI., Biographical Introduction by Esther Wood. Doubleday, \$1.50.

ELIOT, GEORGE. *Complete Poems*. The Personal Edition, Vol. XII., Biographical Introduction by Esther Wood. Doubleday, \$1.50.

FARJEON, B. L. *The Pride of Race*. Jacobs, \$1.00, net.

FIELD, ROSWELL. *The Passing of Mother's Portrait*. Lord, Evanston.

FLATTERY, M. DOUGLAS. *Wife or Maid?* Abbey Press, \$1.00.

GILBERT, HENRY. *Hearts in Revolt*. Colonial Edition. Allen, London, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

GILMAN, STELLA. *A Gumbo Lily*. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

GILSON, ROY ROLFE. *When Love Is Young*. Harper, \$1.50.

HABBERTON, JOHN. *Caleb Wright*. Lothrop, \$1.50.

HIRD, FRANK. *King Fritz's A. D. C.* Macmillan, \$1.75.

HOME, MARSHALL. *The MacGregors*. Scroll Publishing Company, Chicago.

HOUSMAN, LAURENCE. *The Field of Clover*. Lane, \$1.50, net.

KEMBLE, W. FRETZ. *Pitted against Anarchists*. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

KLINCK, ALBERT J. *The Quest for the Empress*. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

LEVER, CHARLES. *The Fortunes of Glen-core and A Rent in a Cloud*. Little, Brown.

LINCOLN, FRED. S. *An Indiana Girl*. Neale Publishing Company, Washington.

LORIMER, NORMA. By the Waters of Sicily. Pott, \$1.75.

MACNAUGHTON, S. The Fortune of Christina M'Nab. Appleton, \$1.00.

MAGEE, KNOX. Mark Everard. Fenno, \$1.50.

MANNIX, MARY E. A Life's Labyrinth. The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind., \$1.25.

MCCOWAN, ARCHIBALD. The Prisoners of War. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PARKER, GILBERT. The March of the White Guard. Fenno, 50 cts.

PHELPS, ELEANOR GAYLORD. As a Falling Star. McClurg, \$1.00.

POLLOCK, CHANNING. Behold the Man. Neale Publishing Company.

PRATT, REV. MAGEE. The Orthodox Preacher and Nancy. Connecticut Magazine Company, Hartford.

RYAN, MARAH ELLIS. That Girl Montana. Rand, \$1.50.

SHELTON, JANE DE FOREST. The Salt-Box House. Illustrated Edition. Baker & Taylor, \$1.50, *nett*.

SIDGWICK, MRS. ALFRED. Cynthia's Way. Longmans.

SINCLAIR, UPTON. King Midas. Funk, \$1.20, *nett*.

Wigwam Stories Told by North American Indians. Compiled by Mary Catherine Judd. Ginn.

WOLFENSTEIN, MARTHA. Idyls of the Gass. Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia.

WOOD, EDITH ELMER. Shoulder-straps and Sun-bonnets. Holt, \$1.50.

ZITKALA-SA. Old Indian Legends. Ginn.

## FRENCH BOOKS.

BERNARDIN, N. M. Devant le Rideau. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

BERTHELOT, M. Science et Éducation. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

STIEGLER, GASTON. Le Tour du Monde en 63 Jours. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

TORAU-BAYLE, X. République et Université. Société Française d'Imprimerie et de Librairie.

## HISTORY

History for Ready Reference. Compiled by J. N. Larned. Vol. VI., Recent History. The C. A. Nichols Company, Springfield, Mass.

HOSMER, JAMES K. A Short History of the Mississippi Valley. Houghton, \$1.20, *nett*.

HOUCK, LOUIS. The Boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase. Roeder's, St. Louis.

LINCOLN, CHARLES H. The Revolutionary Movement in Pennsylvania. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania. Ginn, agents.

PRICE, L. L. A Short History of English Commerce and Industry. Longmans, \$1.25.

## JUVENILE.

ADELBOURG, OTTILIA. Clean Peter and The Children of Grubbylea. Translated by Ada Wallas. Longmans, \$1.25.

ALGER, HORATIO, JR. Nelson the Newsboy. The Mershon Company.

ALLEN, EMMA S. Ruby, Pearl, and Diamond. Eaton & Mains.

AYERS, RAYMOND FULLER. Four-Footed Folk. Russell, \$1.25.

BAKER, LOUISE R. Rosey Posey's Mission. Eaton & Mains.

BELL, ADELAIDE FULLER. The King's Rubies. Coates, \$1.00.

BONEHILL, CAPTAIN RALPH. Boys of the Fort. The Mershon Company, \$1.25.

BONEHILL, CAPTAIN RALPH. Three Young Ranchmen. Saalfeld, \$1.00.

BOUVET, MARGUERITE. Bernardo and Laurette. McClurg, \$1.00.

BREWSTER, FRANCES S. When Mother Was a Little Girl. Jacobs, \$0.80.

BRUSH, MARY E. Q. The Little Maid of Doubting Castle. Eaton & Mains.

BUTTERWORTH, HEZEKIAH. Little Sky-High. Crowell, 35 cts.

CASTLETON, HARRY. Winged Arrow's Medicine. Saalfeld.

CLARK, EDWARD B. The Jingle Book of Birds. Mumford, Chicago, \$0.60.

CLARK, FELICIA BUTTZ. Beppino. Eaton & Mains.

CLARK, G. ORR. Nightmare Land. Russell, \$1.50.

CLARK, KATE UPSON. How Dexter Paid his Way. Crowell, \$0.35.

COWDRICK, J. C. Tommy Tucker. Eaton & Mains.

DIAZ, ABBY MORTON. The Flatiron and the Red Cloak. Crowell, \$0.35.

DOUGLAS, AMANDA M. A Little Girl in Old New Orleans. Dodd, Mead, \$1.20, *nett*.

DOUGLAS, MARIAN. In the Poverty Year. Crowell, \$0.35.

ELDRIDGE, CLEMENT. Rescued by a Prince. Saalfeld, \$1.00.

ELLIS, EDWARD S. Red Eagle. Coates.

EVERETT-GREEN, EVELYN. Miss Marjorie of Silvermead. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

FORRESTER, IZOLA L. Rook's Nest. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

FULLER, EMILY GUILLON. The Prize Watch. Saalfeld, \$1.00.

GATES, JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER. The Story of Live Dolls. Bowen-Merrill, \$1.00, *nett*.

GRAEFF, FRANK E. The Minister's Twins. Eaton & Mains.

GRAYDON, WILLIAM MURRAY. The Princess of the Purple Palace. McClure, \$1.10, *nett*.

HABBERTON, JOHN. Some Boys' Doings. Jacobs, \$0.80, *nett*.

HARBOUR, J. L. Marcia and the Major. Crowell, \$0.35.

HOME, ANDREW. Out of Bounds. Lippincott.

JACKSON, GABRIELLE E. The Colburn Prize. J. F. Taylor, \$1.00.

JOV, JANE ELLIS. When the River Rose. Eaton & Mains.

JUDD, MARY CATHERINE. The A-B-C Book of Birds. Mumford, Chicago, \$1.00.

KEMBLE, EDWARD W. Kemble's Pickaninnies. Russell, \$2.00.

LOVETT, EVA. The Billy Stories. J. F. Taylor, \$1.00.

MEADE, L. T. A Very Naughty Girl. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

MEADE, L. T. Daddy's Girl. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

MOLESWORTH, MRS. Miss Bouverie. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

MUNROE, KIRK. The Belt of Seven Totems. Lippincott, \$1.20, *nett*.

OVER, FRED A. Tommy Foster's Adventures. Altemus, \$1.00.

PATTESON, S. LOUISE. Pussy Meow. Jacobs, \$0.60.

PRATT, ELLA FARMAN. The Little Cave-Dwellers. Crowell, \$0.35.

RAY, ANNA CHAPIN. Teddy: Her Daughter. Little, Brown, \$1.20, *nett*.

ROBINS, EDWARD. A Boy in Early Virginia. Jacobs, \$1.00, *nett*.

SCOTT, MRS. O. W. The Upstairs Family. Eaton & Mains.

SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT. The Children of the Valley. Crowell, \$0.35.

STREAMER, COL. D. Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes. Russell, \$1.25.

STRONG, ARMOUR. Dear Days. Coates, \$1.00.

TIDDEMAN, L. E. Celia's Conquest. Lippincott, \$1.00, *nett*.

WELLS, CAROLYN. Folly in Fairyland. Altemus, \$1.00.

WELLS, KATE GANNETT. Little Dick's Son. Crowell, \$0.35.

WINFIELD, ARTHUR M. A Young Inventor's Pluck. Saalfeld, \$1.00.

WINFIELD, ARTHUR M. The Rover Boys on the Great Lakes. The Mershon Company, \$1.25.

ZOLLINGER, GULIELMA. Maggie McLanehan. McClurg, \$1.00, *nett*.

## MISCELLANEOUS

BOLLES, J. A. Under Reckless Rule. Abbey Press, \$0.75.

Breakfast Dishes, 365. Jacobs, \$0.40, *nett*.

CLARK, EDWARD B. Birds of Lakeside and Prairie. Mumford, Chicago, \$1.00.

CROWE, CATHERINE. The Night-Side of Nature. New edition. Coates.

DICKENS, CHARLES. A Tale of Two Cities and A Child's History of England. Oxford India Paper Dickens. New York, Oxford University Press, American Branch.

DOS PASSOS, JOHN R. Commercial Trusts. Putnam, \$1.00, *nett*.

Dream Children. Edited by Elizabeth B. Brownell. Bowen-Merrill, \$0.95, *nett*.

ENGLISH, V. P. The Mind and Its Machinery. Ohio State Publishing Company, \$1.00.

Essays in Paradox. By the author of "Exploded Ideas," etc. Longmans.

FRANK, HENRY. The Shrine of Silence. Abbey Press, \$1.50.

GEORGE, HENRY, JR. Who Are the Criminals? Abbey Press.

GOODSELL, DANIEL A. Nature and Character at Granite Bay. Eaton & Mains, \$1.50.

HADLEY, ARTHUR TWining. The Greatness of Patience. Crowell, \$0.35.

HENDERSON, CHARLES RICHMOND. The Social Spirit in America. Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago, \$1.50.

HILL, FREDERICK TREVOR. The Care of Estates. Baker, Voorhis, \$1.25.

JENNINGS, EDWIN B. Democracy and the Trusts. Abbey Press.

JENNINGS, EDWIN B. People and Property. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

JORDAN, WILLIAM GEORGE. The Kingship of Self-Control. Revell, \$0.50.

KROPOTKIN, PRINCE. Fields, Factories, and Workshops. Putnam, \$0.90, *nett*.

LINK, SAMUEL ALBERT. Pioneers of Southern Literature. Vol. II. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, \$0.75.

LYNCH, GEORGE. The War of the Civilizations. Longmans.

MARDEN, ORISON SWETT. Economy. Crowell, \$0.50.

MARSCHNER, HARRY. From Death to Life. Abbey Press, \$1.50.

MILLER, GUSTAVUS HINDMAN. What's in a Dream? Dillingham, \$1.50.

One Hundred and One Sandwiches. Compiled by May E. Southworth. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, \$0.50, *nett*.

SMITH, COL. NICHOLAS. Hymns Historically Famous. Advance Publishing Company, \$1.25.

STARR, LOUIS, M. D. Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Infancy and Childhood. Blakiston, Philadelphia, \$3.00, *nett*.



TAYLOR, JAMES M. Practical or Ideal? Crowell, \$0.35.

THOMAS, J. W. Intuitive Suggestion. Longmans.

WALTER, REV. JOHNSTON ESTEP. The Principles of Knowledge. Vol. I. Johnston & Penney, West Newton, Pa., \$2.00.

WATERS, B. Training the Hunting Dog. Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

WILSON, FLOYD B. Paths to Power. Penno, \$1.00.

WINTERBURN, FLORENCE HULL. The Children's Health. Baker & Taylor, \$1.25.

## POETRY AND VERSE

Bardos Cubanos. Edited by Elijah Clarence Hills. Heath.

BLODGETT, HARRIET F. Songs of the Days and the Year. Grafton Press.

BOYNTON, H. W. The Golfer's Rubáiyát. Stone, \$1.00.

BROOKS, FLORENCE. The Destiny and Other Poems. Small, Maynard.

Cavalier Poets. Edited by Clarence M. Lindsay. Abbey Press.

GOSSE, EDMUND. Hypolympia, or The Gods in the Island. Dodd, Mead, \$1.00, nett.

HIBBARD, GRACE. California Violets. Robertson, San Francisco, \$1.00, nett.

HOPKINS, ALPHONSO ALVA. Ballads of Brotherhood. Abbey Press, cloth, \$0.50; paper, \$0.25.

HUGHES, RUPERT. Gyges' Ring. Russell.

KERNSTAPPE, CLELAND. Pebbles and Pearls. Neely.

Nonsense Verses, The Best. Chosen by Josephine Dodge Daskam. Lord, Evanston.

RANKIN, REGINALD. Wagner's Nibelungen Ring Done into English Verse by. Vol. II., Siegfried, and the Twilight of the Gods. Longmans.

SOSSO, LORENZO. In the Realms of Gold. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, \$1.00, nett.

## SCIENCE

BRITTON, NATHANIEL LORD. Manual of the Flora of the Northern States and Canada. Holt.

DOOLITTLE, ERIC. Measures of Double and Multiple Stars. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania, Astronomical Series. Ginn, agents.

LUCAS, FREDERICK A. Animals of the Past. McClure, \$2.00, nett.

NEWCOMB, SIMON. The Stars. The Science Series. Putnam, \$2.00, nett.

PHILLIPS, P. LEE. A List of Maps of America in the Library of Congress. Government Printing Office, Washington.

SERVISS, GARRETT P. Other Worlds. Appleton, \$1.20, nett.

TROUGHTON, FELIX J. A Classified List of Minerals, Precious and Other Stones. Abbey Press, \$0.25.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

Biblical and Semitic Studies. Essays by members of the Semitic and Biblical Faculty of Yale University. Scribners, \$2.50, nett.

Choral Service Book, The. Edited by H. G. Archer and the Rev. Luther D. Reed. General Council Publication Board, Philadelphia, \$1.00.

DARNELL, FLORENCE H. The Blackboard Class for Sunday-School Teachers. W. A. Wilde, Boston, \$0.25 nett.

DESCARTES, RENÉ. Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy. Open Court Publishing Company, \$0.35.

Ecumenical Missionary Conference. Philanthropy in Missions. Foreign Missions Library, N. Y., \$0.25.

FOSTER, ADDISON PINNEO. A Manual of Sunday-School Methods. Union Press, Philadelphia.

FOSTER, JOHN MCGAW. The White Stone. Longmans, \$0.80, nett.

Genesis. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Dent, London; Lippincott, Philadelphia, \$0.60, nett.

GUNKEL, HERMANN. The Legends of Genesis. Translated by W. H. Carruth. Open Court Publishing Company, \$1.00, nett.

HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT. The Master of the Science of Right Living. Revell, \$0.50, nett.

JASTROW, MORRIS, JR. The Study of Religion. Imported by Scribners, \$1.50.

Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day. Selected by the Editor of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," etc. Little, Brown.

KERLIN, ROBERT THOMAS. The Church of the Fathers. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, \$1.25.

MAY, JOSEPH. The Miracles and Myths of the New Testament. Ellis, Boston, \$1.00.

NEELY, REV. THOMAS BENJAMIN, and DOHERTY, ROBERT REMINGTON. The Illustrative Lesson Notes. Eaton & Mains, \$1.25.

PASSMORE, REV. T. H. Leisureable Studies. Longmans, \$1.50.

RACKHAM, RICHARD BELWARD. The Acts of the Apostles. Oxford Commentaries. Methuen, London, 12s. 6d.

Sunday School Outlook, The. Addresses at The Crypt Conference, 1901. Longmans, \$0.60, nett.

Twentieth Century New Testament, The. In Three Parts. Revell, Part III, \$0.50.

## TRAVEL

BAKER, RAY STANNARD. Seen in Germany. McClure, \$2.00, nett.



## Library Reports on Popular Books

*The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.*

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

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